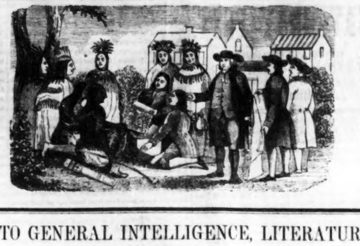
THE SATURDAY  EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1095.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ATHENA.

BY J. TOMLIN, ESQ.

From very grief my head is grey,
A stain that blood will wash away,
Is on my heart Athená!
I have not wrong'd thee, no! oh! no!
I know thee well—and you to know
Is all my life a imagining,
Makes all my heart a better thing,
My own sweet loved Athená!

There is a depth of deeper wo,
Than you have felt, or yet can know,
Pressing me down Athená!
There is around a shoreless sea,
And not a green isle on its breast—
The waves are murmuring sullenly,
Like sighs by maddened grief oppress'd
My joyous child Athená!

They tell me that you have no heart,
Athená! I believe it not!
How can I? for thy looks impart
Too much of soul—too much of thought!
Too much of feeling wildly felt
When oft in prayer I humbly knelt:—
Oh! no! you cannot be a thing,
That one would lightly from him fling!
They lie, Athená, when they say,
That you are not as free as day!
With genius high as mind can know,
And heart as pure as winter's snow!
They lie by heavens! I say they lie
If aught is lacking in your eye,
Of soul, that wins the human race—
For there it has its dwelling place!

Come sit by me and hear me tell,
How I will disenchant the spell,
That keeps you from my side Athená!
Come, will you list like some charm'd bird,
That hath no will to go away,
From a voice the sweetest ever heard!
Come sit with me while the day is past!
And the tinkling bells are never mute;
As the owlet sits in the brake aghast,
Your fingers stray o'er the pensive lute!
Come sit by me 'neath the linden tree,
On the plaited grass by the river's brink,
Where the mock-bird sits on the old oak tree,
And the marsh-hen dips her wings to drink!
Come sit by me, and tell me why,
Thy presence always makes me sigh!
Why beams the stars a brighter light,
Why fades the darkness of the night,
Why streams run smooth—the air is calm,
And odors shed a sweeter balm!
Why birds that carol not for me,
Send up their sweetest notes to thee!
And why Athená, tell me why
There is a richness on the sky,
A gorgeous tinge of purple dye!
Why heaven is dotted with those gems,
That tell of queenly diadems,
And all that is of earth and sky,
Is robed in one rich gorgeous sky!

I know a place Athená, away,
Where the waters flow in a crystal stream,
When the young fawn leaps away, away,
And the night is day with a solar beam!

There lies a deep indented bay,
Unrivalled in its gorgeous day,
A green isle rests upon its breast,
In one eternal summer blest!
The orange blossom within grows,
The crystal water calmer flows,
The mock-bird sings a merrier song
All in the myrtle bowers among—
And there we look and see away,
Upon the first decline of day,
Shining a brilliant gem afar,
The lover's lonely evening star!
We watch it from our orange bower,
As falls the dewy evening shower,
Until it sinks below the sea,
And then fair one I turn to thee,
From the rich gorgeous west afar,
And find in you my MORNING STAR!

Jackson, Tennessee.

Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO."

"To write in such a manner wise,
Which may be wisdom to the wise,
And play to them that list to play."—*Gower.*

CHAPTER III.

"Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel."
Bride of Abydos.

We closed our last chapter in suspense as to the fate of Ernest. Let us follow the course of the fugitive.

The cross-roads, as we have said, lay but a few paces beyond the point, after passing which the highway became invisible from the house of Col. Harcourt; and no sooner had the young lieutenant gained the shelter of this point, than he proceeded to put in execution a plan of escape he had conceived during his hasty flight from the mansion. Following, therefore, the left hand road, he soon reached a little run, which flowed over a hard rocky bottom, and crossed the road at right angles. A short distance in the woods from which this little rivulet stole noiselessly forth, he recollected an old forest path which ran across the stream, so that, by following the course of the creek, he would soon gain the shelter of this secret way. The rocky bottom of the run permitted him to follow its bed without leaving the impression of his horse's hoof behind, while the opening through which the rivulet found its way, and the arching trees above, just afforded him room to pass and yet leave the foliage undisturbed. Not a dozen yards from the road, the rivulet took a sudden turn, and a few paces further on was crossed by the old grass grown path we have mentioned. Wheeling his horse rapidly up the bed of the run, the fugitive had gained the forest road and was already some distance off, before his pursuers reached the cross roads. Here, for a moment, they were at fault. The whole surface of the road in this vicinity was composed of hard rock, which late rains had almost divested of soil, so that no hoof-print could be seen by which to trace the course of the fugitive. Hastily dividing his troop, however, the leader of the dragoons ordered a detachment to scour either road, and not to slacken their pursuit until they should overtake the fugitive, or become convinced that he had effected his escape. The party which followed the main road, after a rapid ride of a mile, attained the summit of a hill which commanded the highway ahead for many furlongs, so that it was evident the fugitive had not taken that direction. The other detachment was equally unsuccessful in its search, and returned to the cross-roads nearly at the same time with the other dragoons.

"The rebel scoundrel has escaped, by hiding himself somewhere in these woods," said the leader, with some irritation, "but there is no time now to scour the country. Fall in—trot," and with the word, he led his discomfited dragoons back to the mansion of Col. Harcourt. Their return was the first assurance Edith received of her lover's successful escape. Need we say that it thrilled her heart with strange joy? After a few preliminary courtesies—for at the name of Col. Harcourt the English officer assumed the most deferential respect—the dragoons were ordered to picket themselves around the house, their leader signifying his orders to await here the arrival of a larger force.

Meantime the young lieutenant pursued his swift and noiseless way along the path he had chosen through the forest, until the sun had well nigh reached the summits of the hills that skirted the western horizon, when, suddenly emerging from the wood, he came out on a narrow lane, running between high banks, with farm houses scattered along it, and other evidences of the vicinity of cultivation. Following this lane, at a quick pace, for about a mile, he arrived at the foot of a long hill, up which he wended his way more leisurely until he reached the top, where he paused to breathe his horse and look around him, as if satisfied that he was now beyond the reach of danger.

The hill on which he stood overlooked the whole country around, presenting to the eye a wide and varied prospect of hill, dale, and woodland, streching for miles in every direction. On the brow of the hill, and a little to the right of Ernest, was an old stone meeting house one story high, surrounded on both sides by a still older grave-yard. Not a stone, however, was discernable in this quiet cemetery, but the neatly dressed mounds, covered with grass and arranged in decent rows, betokened the simple sect to which the burial place and meeting house belonged. A road, crossing at right angles the one he had been following passed in front of the meeting house; while an extensive orchard stretched off in the rear, beyond which appeared a clump of woodland.

In front of him the scene was truly magnificent. Far away to the west rolled a succession of billowy hills, spotted with farms and woodland—the ploughed fields seeming like gold in the sunset light, and the verdant grass carpeting the hills in spots like velvet. Just over the undulating line of the farthest horizon might be seen a narrow streak of red and gold, while a dark battlement of pitchy clouds, behind which the sun was concealed, lay piled in the deep blue atmosphere above. The long, lurid line of light rolling along the broken surface of the hills, and surmounted above by these dark masses of vapor, presented a scene which needed little aid from the imagination, to remind one of a distant city in flames, with its steeples, towers, and lofty buildings breaking, here and there, the outline of the conflagration. The whole picture had a wild and ominous appearance. Occasionally, however, through this gloomy curtain, a stray sunbeam would steal out, tinging the edges of the clouds with gold, and shooting a long line of light over the green hills.

More immediately in front of Ernest, and towards the right of the landscape, rose up the dark brown outline of Osborne Hill, its summit surmounted by a stone farm house, flanked with a clump of woodland to the north. The road which Ernest had just travelled crossed this hill not quite a hundred yards to the left of the house, and about midway between the two, on the very highest point of the hill, was an old dead fruit tree, whose picturesque tracery was cut with a clear bold outline against the gold of the western sky.* Between Osborne Hill, and the equally lofty summit on which Ernest stood, sank down a valley of considerable extent, so that the distance from the point whence Ernest looked, to the brow of the opposite hill, must have been at least a mile. The intermediate space was perfectly clear of woodland, and fenced off into fields, while diagonally across the valley brawled a silver brook, that wound away to the left through the lowlands, and finally emptied its waters into the Brandywine. In this direction the prospect was most extended, since the huge mass of Osborne Hill shut in the landscape to the right; but here, a wide succession of hills, crossed by lanes fringed with green hedges, and spotted with farms and woodlands as we have described, rolled on in undulating succession until they were lost in the lurid sea of the western horizon. On one of these hills, apparently several miles distant, the young lieutenant gazed for some time in silent abstraction; for he knew that behind that green summit reposed the little glen where stood his father's house. There too was Edith against whose hand he had been shut for ever. There were, in consequence, many and sad thoughts in Ernest's mind as he gazed on that distant spot, and he insensibly fell into a reverie. At length, however, the increasing coolness of the air warned him that the evening was closing in. He looked up. The sun had long since set, and even the twilight was darkening away. Grave-yard, hill and woodland were putting on the cloudy mantle of night. The voice of a lagging ploughman, calling to his team, floated upwards from the valley. The breeze came damp across the hill; the twitter of the birds had ceased in the hedges; the brow of Osborne Hill was fast fading into obscurity; and the cry of a solitary whip-poor-will, as she sailed slowly around uttering her mournful wail, struck on the sad heart of the listener and increased his melancholy. But, with an effort, Ernest shook off these feelings, and remembering that he had yet far to ride, he jerked the rein of his steed and went off at a brisk gait to the south east.

The particular period of the revolutionary war, at which our story commences, was about a fortnight after the landing of General Howe in the Chesapeake, on the 25th of August, 1777. For some time ensuing the departure of the British general from New York his destination had been a matter of doubt, but intelligence was finally received which convinced General Washington that the aim of Howe was the capture of Philadelphia. Accordingly, on the day preceding the disembarkation of the British, the American army passed through the capital and proceeded to the Brandywine, one division being advanced nearer to the Head of Elk and encamped behind White Clay Creek. As soon as intelligence of the landing of the British was received by Washington he posted his army in an advantageous position near Newport, about twelve miles from the advanced guards of the enemy at Iron Hill. This ground was favorable to an engagement, and directly in the road to Philadelphia. It was not until the 8th of September, however, that the British advanced on the Americans, and then the royal forces approached only to Milton, a distance of two miles from the position of Washington. A strong column, however, was pushed up the country on the right of the Americans. Washington, having become convinced that the object of this movement was to turn his right and cut off his communications with the capital, suddenly changed his ground, and crossing the Brandywine early in the night, moved rapidly to the north, and took up a position behind that river, at Chadd's Ford. The British army followed and encamped at Kennet's Square, within seven miles of the Americans. For two days both armies remained in daily expectation of an engagement. It was only when Ernest had become satisfied, at noon of the day on which our story opens, that there would be no battle within twenty-four hours, that he had yielded to the yearnings of affection and sought that interview with his parent which, we have seen, terminated so disastrously.

"I have lingered inexcusably," said Ernest to himself as he put his steed to a gallop, "for the troop that pursued me must augur the presence of a large force in that quarter. It is Howe's intention to turn our right, and attack us in the rear—and we are not prepared for it. No time is to be lost."

With these words he pressed his spurs sharply into his charger's flanks, and dashed along the road so rapidly that in a quarter of an hour he reached the head-quarters of Sullivan, who commanded the right wing of the American army. Demanding to see the general, Ernest was at once admitted to his presence. Sullivan listened eagerly to the intelligence of the young lieutenant. When he had finished, the general said,

"Can you ride a few miles further to-night, Mr. Harcourt? Gen. Washington ought to be in possession of these facts at once, and I know no one who can narrate them so clearly as you, and, moreover, give such accurate information as to the roads hereabouts."

Ernest bowed his acquiescence, and in another moment was in the saddle, dashing down the road. A hot ride brought him speedily to the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief, and, with scarcely a minute's delay, the young officer was ushered into the presence of Washington. The commander-in-chief was sitting at a table, with a couple of Secretaries writing beside him, when Ernest entered. The young lieutenant had often seen his commander-in-chief before, and, indeed, was personally known to that officer, but never had the appearance of Washington seemed more imposing than on this occasion. At that time, the general was in the prime of life, tall, athletic and dignified, with a bearing which a king might envy. On his broad brow was stamped unquestionable intellect, while the vast breadth between the eyes, betokened that firmness for which he was remarkable. No one could have met him in a crowd without having been struck with the placid repose of his countenance, and the air of command which his whole bearing evinced. On the present occasion, the consciousness that a battle was near at hand, united to the reflection that on the result might depend the fate of the republic, had stamped even a more dignified air than usual on his brow, but this did not prevent him from smiling with his wonted affability, as he rose and extended his hand on perceiving who it was that sought an interview with him.

"Lieutenant Harcourt, and from Sullivan! Dusty, too—you bring news, I suppose."

Ernest answered promptly, detailing in as few words as possible his afternoon adventure.

"And you think the enemy must have taken the Lancaster road, making a circuit above the forks. Why we had not thought of such an extensive march, though Sullivan, from the first, has said we should be attacked from that quarter. But do you think the troop you saw was the van of a larger force, or might it not have been a scouting party?"

"Of that I cannot speak, your excellency."

"Well," added the general, "I shall order out a party to watch the fords up the river. Meanwhile, tell Gen. Sullivan to be in readiness at a minute's warning—but stay, I will write a note myself."

In a few minutes the note was written and delivered into Ernest's hands—the parting words of the General being,

"The troop may, after all, have only been a scouting party, in which case our haste is useless—or it may be intended for a feint, while the real attack is to be made here. I have ordered the General to be in readiness for either emergency, and I need not say that every man of his division is expected to do his duty."

"They were cowards if they did it not," warmly replied Ernest, and with these words the interview ended.

CHAPTER IV.

"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!"—*Burns.*

The morning of the 11th of September, 1777, a day memorable in the American annals, dawned without a cloud. At an early hour Ernest rose from the couch on which he had cast himself at midnight, but though the stars were still in the sky the whole camp was in motion. The soldiers were engaged in burnishing their arms; the dragoons were attending to their horses; the officers were passing from tent to tent of their several commands; and in front of the quarters of Sullivan, a group of aids had clustered as if awaiting entrance to the general, as soon as he should have made his toilet. Horses were neighing, arms were rattling, the men were calling to each other, and, in short, an unusual bustle throughout the camp told that some peculiar duty, perhaps an action was at hand. But yet hour after hour passed away without any movement being made. Although the intelligence brought in by Ernest on the preceding evening had, for the time, been considered decisive, yet subsequent accounts had rendered it probable that the troop seen by our hero was a mere foraging party. No forces whatever had been observed in that direction, by the scouts sent out on the preceding evening,—and the country people, one and all, expressed their ignorance of any considerable body having passed up the Lancaster road. Towards noon, indeed, an express reached Gen. Sullivan, that a large British force was moving in that direction, led, it was supposed by Howe, in person, since the notorious Galloway was in attendence, and had been seen and conversed with by some of the inhabitants. On receiving this intelligence, the divisions of Sullivan, Stirling and Stephens, were marshalled to repel the contemplated attack of the enemy in the rear, but before the troops left their position a scouting party from the upper fords of the Brandywine came in, denying the appearance of any hostile force on the right. The troops were now ordered to halt; but in less than two hours these conflicting accounts were solved by intelligence from the extreme right, stating that the enemy had appeared in great force in the vicinity of Birmingham Meeting House, having made a circuit of seventeen miles and crossed the Brandywine above its forks.

"How long since the foe appeared?" said Sullivan, anxiously, to the rider who brought in the intelligence.

"Only this moment—but we saw a dust for nearly an hour, rising over the hills to the north-west."

"By Jove, and not a word of this have I heard until now. Get the columns in motion," he said, sharply turning to his aids—"not a moment is to be lost. Mr. Harcourt was right, and we should have been at the Meeting House ere this. Where, say you, have the British formed?" he continued, turning quickly to the messenger.

"On the slope of Osborne Hill, facing our picket—the enemy is there in such force, that there can be but an insignificant portion of his troops left in front of Wayne below."

"Then we are turned," hastily muttered the general. "But there is yet hope. Move on with the troops," he exclaimed, hastily galloping to the head of the column, "move on—move on."

The divisions were instantly put in motion, and the solid earth soon shook under their hurried tread. As they proceeded, messengers momently came dashing in, covered with dust, from the outposts to urge the troops to still greater speed. Thus incited, the advance was hastened with almost incredible rapidity. The divisions of Stephen and Stirling, having marched by the most direct road, first reached the heights opposite the enemy and were already in order of battle, before Sullivan, who had taken a more circuitous path, appeared debouching with the head of his column along the summit of the acclivity on which stood the meeting house, where Ernest had paused the preceding evening. The young lieutenant, with his company, was ordered to throw himself into the grave-yard, and forming his men behind the low stone wall which encircled it, to hold the post, if necessary, to the last extremity. Stephens and Sterling, with their divisions, occupied the rear and right of Ernest, while Sullivan was forming his command on the left, its furthest extremity resting on a wood some fields distant in that direction.

Few sights more gallant than that of the opposing host had ever met the eye of Ernest, for, as he looked down into the valley, now lit up by an unclouded evening sun, the whole proud panoply of Cornwallis stretched before his sight. A stouter heart than that of the young lieutenant might have quailed at the formidable array. Formed in alternate squares, the dense masses of the enemy were seen, covering the whole slope of the opposing hill, and extending down into the valley, over which they were clustered like a hive of bees; while the declining sun, shooting his slanting rays along the serried ranks of infantry, lit up the scarlet uniforms of the soldiery, glittering on blade, musket and banner head, and bathing the whole landscape in glory. Now and then as the line shifted its arms a gush of light would stream along the enemy's front; while, as the evening breeze unrolled each banner from its folds, the golden silk flashed brightly in the sunshine. Occasionally an aid would dash along the flank, or a squadron of cavalry wheel in the performance of some evolution. As Ernest beheld this magnificent array, and then thought on the comparatively small numbers of the American Army, his heart almost sank within him. But there was naught of fear in his bosom. He only mourned to think how many brave men would fall in the almost hopeless encounter. His reflections, however, were cut short by a cannon ball which, plunging into the earth a few feet below him, threw the soil in showers over head; while at the same instant the music of the enemy struck up, and amid the clang of trumpets and the accompanying roar of artillery, the British columns advanced to the attack. As they moved down the slope of the opposing hill, a murmur of admiration at their gallant array ran involuntarily along the American line. The cannon of the assailants still continued vigorously to play on the ranks of the little army; but, by this time, the guns of the defenders had been advantageously posted, and now began to reply in quick succession to the enemy's discharges. The roll of the drums, the shrill piping of the fife, and the quick roar of the artillery sent the blood tingling in wild excitement through the veins. The whole spectacle was stirring and magnificent. Not a whisper was heard in the little company of Ernest, but each man clutched his weapon nervously and fixed his eye on the advancing columns of the foe. For an instant, however, ere the battle was joined, the young lieutenant withdrew his gaze and turned to the right, where Sullivan's division was yet entangled in the process of forming along the brow of the hill. The practised eye of Ernest saw, at once, that the British would be upon the troops before their evolutions could be completed, and that, if thus charged in disorder, there would be little probability that Sullivan could resist the attack. A few minutes, however, promised to decide their fate. The enemy had already reached the valley, and with the impetus gained by his descent was dashing rapidly up the hill. The rapid tread of the foe could now be heard close in the vicinity of our band of gallant defenders, and the breath of the eldest veteran came quick and his heart beat faster and more fitful at the sound, while the fingers of the men involuntary sought their locks, when a stern word of command recalled each soldier to his duty.

"Take them only when they get within twenty paces, and mark them well," was the whispered order that ran along the gallant line, posted behind the low wall of the meeting house. "Be cool and steady, and do not waste a ball!"

Almost before the officer had ceased, a loud rattling, crashing volley broke on the ear to the right, betokening that the attack had commenced in that quarter; and instantaneously the sound rolled down the enemy's line towards the little company of Ernest. The men started, but did not raise a piece, and immediately the dark mass of soldiery in front levelled their guns, and pouring in a rapid fire on the defenders, huzzaed and dashed to the attack. For a second the white smoke, clinging around their ranks, hid the assailants from sight, but, as they pressed forward, the thick mass of vapor broke away from them, and then, caught by the breeze, eddied to and fro, and swept away in the rear. As the advancing troops were momently lost in the white vapor, the Americans brought their muskets to their shoulders, and the instant the scarlet uniforms broke from the smoke, the order to "fire" was passed down the line. By this time the enemy was within thirty paces of the wall, and moreover partially disordered, so that when the cool and well-aimed volley of the Americans was poured into his ranks, the slaughter was terrible. His troops wavered, hesitated, and would have broke, but the dense columns behind pressing on, forced them forward, and after a few moments delay, they dashed at the wall again, cheering on the run. That partial hesitation, however, had afforded time for the Americans to re-load, so that, when the enemy again pressed forward, a sharp and accurate volley, even more deadly than the former, rattled among his ranks—and again he wavered. Without waiting, however, to note the effect of the discharge, the reserved line of the defenders instantly poured in another volley on the disordered ranks, while a company, stationed further to the left so as partially to flank the foe, seized the favorable opportunity and sent a third discharge into his unprotected side. The volley was decisive. Half of their number had fallen already, and, at this new discharge, a panic seized the assailants. They broke and fled wildly down the hill.

"Huzza! the day's our own!" shouted the men in the excitement of the moment.

But at this instant, and ere the shout of triumph had died on the air, the hurried tramping of feet was heard close to the right and almost in the rear of the grave-yard, and looking hastily around, Ernest saw that his worst fears had been confirmed and that the division of Sullivan, charged at the moment of forming, had broken and was now in full retreat, while the victorious assailants, vigorously pushing on in pursuit, were rapidly outflanking his little force.

"Oh! that Pulaski were here, with but a handful of his horse, and the day would yet be our own!" he exclaimed bitterly, as he beheld the partially disordered flank of the enemy presented to him. On came the victorious foe, further fled the disordered Americans. But at length the almost superhuman efforts of their officers, rallied the retreating troops: they halted a moment, faced about and poured a volley into the enemy which partially checked his course. The sight gave new hope to our defenders. The captain of his company approached Ernest.

"Everything depends on our holding out here!" he said. "Lafayette is wounded and has just been borne into the meeting house. There is hope of the right wing yet."

"Greene, too, must soon be up," replied Ernest, "for they have heard our firing ere this, and will haste to our aid. Would to God Sullivan could have time to form."

"Ah! we might then ere this have crushed these invaders of our soil. But God's will be done. And see, they are forming again, as if about to attack us."

It was as he said. Even while he spoke, the British began to advance at a quick pace up the hill, their drums beating gaily and the cannon on Osborne Hill playing with renewed vigor to cover the assault. It was evident that the column, intended to carry the grave-yard, had been strengthened, and the dark masses now assailing the young lieutenant and his band would have intimidated less resolute men. But not a nerve flinched, not a cheek blanched as the enemy dashed up to the attack. The close and deadly fire which he poured in as he advanced, though it brought many a gallant soldier to the ground, only served to kindle a fiercer desire for revenge in the breasts of the survivors; and when the command to fire was given, the incessant discharges that rolled along the line, wrapping it in a blaze of fire, and the fearful havoc that was evident in the ranks of the assailants, told that the blood of their companions was not forgotten by Ernest's men. But though volley after volley was poured in on the advancing foe they failed to check his approach, for as fast as one man fell another stepped into his place, the column steadily advancing regardless of the dying and the dead over whom it trod. The slaughter meanwhile on both sides was terrible. The scanty ranks of the continentals were rapidly thinning—yet they did not yield an inch. At length the British gained the brow of the hill, scarcely fifteen paces from the now decimated company of Harcourt, and with a loud cheer dashed at the wall, their officers crying to them to give the enemy the bayonet. Ernest saw the overwhelming numbers of the foe pouring in like a torrent on his little force, but even in that desperate moment he would not desert his post. Rallying his men around him he shouted,

"Stand fast, my brave fellows, and hurl them back at the bayonet point," and seizing a musket from the hand of a wounded soldier he rushed to the low wall, and met the assailants as they attempted to escalade it. One grenadier he hurled headlong down the hill, another he transfixed with his bayonet, a third died by his avenging ball. His men nobly supported him, and the tide of attack was partially turned back. But it was only partially, for, the British continued pouring in their countless numbers, and the combat soon became a wild *mêlée*, in which personal strength and skill supplanted discipline. Advancing at the bayonet's point, the enemy attempted to scale the wall, while the Americans bore him back at the muzzles of their guns. For some minutes the unequal combat yielded no advantage to either party, but finally the overwhelming numbers of the royal troops enabled them to carry the wall and penetrate into the grave-yard. The contest now assumed its most desperate character. Forced thus to retreat, the Americans yielded ground only with their lives. Hand to hand and breast to breast they fought with the enemy, forcing him to purchase every inch of soil with the blood of his bravest men. In the midst of this fierce *mêlée* Ernest was pre-eminent, cheering on his men, and facing the enemy at every backward step. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Three several times had an attempt been made to cut him down, and three several times had one of his men smote the assailant to the earth. But the conflict could now be maintained no longer. The whole right wing had given way and was retreating in the rear; and the victorious enemy, advancing in pursuit, had now reached the flank of the grave-yard, and in another moment would surround its gallant defenders. A retreat by the gateway behind was the only chance of escape, and through that avenue Ernest led his diminished band; but even in their flight his brave fellows faced at every few steps, like lions sullenly giving way before the hunters.

The chronicles of that time record that the Americans, though forced to retreat, and subjected to a terrible slaughter as they retired through an orchard in their rear, rallied two several times in the face of the pursuing foe. But it was in vain. Again and again the overwhelming numbers of the enemy broke the line of the continentals, and it was not until Greene's division came up, at a late hour in the day, that the British were checked. Even then the struggle was doubtful until the fiery Pulaski, wheeling his cavalry on the foe, bore down upon the opposing ranks amid a whirlwind of fire and steel, and cleaving his way through them, turned and retraced his steps between a wall of fire on either hand. Long did the soldiers of Britain remember that fearful charge; and years afterwards the participators in that strife were wont to tell of the heroic Pole, as he reined his courser again to the task, and shouting "once more, once more, upon them," burst on the bayoneted front of the foe, as if the bristling steel before him was but as flax to the fire.

Throughout the whole of that arduous day, Ernest was in the thickest of the fight, and it was not until the night closed and the enemy had left the Americans in undisturbed possession of the road to Chester, that he found time calmly to review the past, for hitherto all had been excitement. But when the army paused for the night, and quiet took possession of the little camp, he wrapt himself up in his cloak and throwing his weary frame on the ground, resigned himself to thought. Need we ask whither these thoughts turned?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* It was under this tree that Lord Percy, heir to the dukedom of Northumberland, breakfasted on the morning of his death. His romantic story, as handed down by tradition, is no doubt familiar to many. He dreamed one night that he should fall in battle, and the scene of the event was vividly impressed on his mind. The vision had such an effect on him, and he was so assured of his approaching dissolution that he distributed various articles of jewellery and apparel among his friends as remembrances. To one he gave his watch, to another his horse, and to a third a different gift. On the morning of the battle of Brandywine, he was riding at the head of his troop, when he reached the acclivity of Osborne Hill, and the landscape beneath burst suddenly upon him. He exclaimed that he should die that day, *for the scene beneath was the very one he had beheld in his dream.* His fellow officers endeavored to rally his spirits, but without success. He smiled sadly, sent messages to his family in England, and that afternoon fell at the head of his command. His grave is still pointed out not far from the battle ground.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

THE PALSIED HEART.

"My heart beat not, it felt not then."—*Montgomery.*

"Why so melancholy, my dear Susan?" said Mr. Atwood, as he drew a chair, and seated himself by his wife. "Surely it is not *affliction* to have a daughter well married,—especially when the house of her husband is scarcely half a mile from that of her parents!"

"Yet you will acknowledge, George," replied Mrs. Atwood, "that let a daughter's prospects be ever so flattering, there is much to touch a mother's heart when she resigns her child to another. It is, in a degree, severing one of nature's strongest ties, and it could not be done without a pang, even were we able to foresee that her happiness and comfort would not be diminished. But on this point there is always a fearful doubt. The event only can prove, whether or not a man will make a good husband; and even should he do so, in the common acceptation of the term, there is still a doubt whether he and his wife are so matched as to make each other happy."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Atwood, "for my own part, I feel no misgivings relative to Helen's happiness, and am very sorry you are inclined to anticipate trouble. In Mr. Howard, I have perfect confidence. His character is unblemished, and his principles such as every one must respect and approve. I do not suppose he is perfect; neither is Helen; but I think they truly love each other, and this will enable them to overlook and excuse each other's defects."

"I doubt not the rectitude or firmness of his principles," said Mrs. Atwood; "but must confess I have some fears that his *temper* may not be suited to Helen's. Some trifling circumstances have led me to apprehend, that he may be self-willed and obstinate."

"*Firm*, you mean, my dear," said Mr. Atwood; "and I hope he will be so. It will do much to improve Helen; for you know that want of firmness is one of the defects of her character."

"And besides," said Mrs. Atwood, "I have ever thought him somewhat too *grave* for a man of five-and-twenty. Volatility, I should as much dislike, as you would; but Mr. Howard would please me better, had he a little more buoyancy and cheerfulness. I fear he will be stern."

"Here, too," said Mr. Atwood, "I have thought that a kind Providence selected the very man for our daughter! His sedateness will temper his vivacity; and her, sometimes, too thoughtless gayety."

"I am sorry you see so many faults in Helen," replied Mrs. Atwood.

"And is marriage like death," said Mr. Atwood, "that you forget them all, as soon as she is separated from you! Have we not always seen these defects!—and labored to correct them! I know her good qualities too. She is affectionate, kind, gentle, and forgiving;—and always willing to confess a fault, though somewhat too apt to repeat it. I know, too, that she has a fund of deep feeling, hid under a somewhat careless exterior,—and that her temper was cast in nature's finest mould. All this I know, and much more; and doubt not that Mr. Howard will see these things as clearly, and appreciate them as highly, as I do. So cheer up, my dear Susan, and instead of spending this weaning time from your child, in sombre forebodings, be grateful to a kind Providence for giving her such a husband, and trust her confidingly to his care."

While the mother's heart was thus anxious concerning the future happiness of her daughter, Mr. Howard and his youthful bride were as happy as the dearest friend could wish them. They had been married but a week or two; yet even in so short a space of time, appearances indicated that Mr. Atwood's prediction was likely to be verified. Helen had never been half as happy in her life before,—and never before was she half so sedate. She learned by experience that the happiness of the heart is neither noisy nor mirthful; that it induces seriousness rather than gayety. Her husband was perfect in her eyes. True, he was rather grave for so young a man, and smiled but seldom; and when he *did* smile, it was like the breaking forth of a sun-beam—imparting light and gladness. But grave or otherwise, he was all that she wished him to be. Her respect for him equalled her love; both were entire. He treated her with a dignified tenderness, that left her nothing to ask.

But time knows no indulgence, not even to the most happy, who would gladly lay finger on his flight, to lengthen the golden moments. The first months of wedded life soon haste away; fleeting months they are, and rush by to join the past eternity, and in their train come the cares, the duties, the trials, perchance, the miseries of life.

The youthful bride commenced her married life with a determination to please her husband in every thing—her deportment, her apparel and her house-keeping. About the first two, she felt no anxiety; that which had won, would certainly retain him; and she would be careful not to fall into that species of negligence, which but too often follows the marriage ceremony, and which is as well calculated to produce coldness, if not disgust. Her domestic arrangements were a more serious matter. She was but little more than eighteen, and though her education in this particular branch had not been neglected, she yet had little skill in that department where *experience* is so important. She made many mistakes, and would have made many more, but for the near neighborhood of her mother, whom she frequently consulted, and whom she found better than twenty books on domestic economy. But Helen did her best, and hoped in time that that would become easy which was now so difficult. As before said, she resolved to please her husband in all things, and doubted not for an instant that he would be equally solicitous to please her. On one point, she anticipated a difference. Her parents had so plainly told her of her faults, and had labored so sedulously to correct them, that she was conscious of being far from what she ought to be; consequently, her husband would have much to overlook and forgive; he, on the contrary, was so correct, so perfect, that she would have little or nothing to excuse. But he had loved her, and sought her for a wife, knowing her to be a very imperfect creature, and would not that love lead him to pardon all errors,—the more readily, as they would not be wilful! Unquestionably it would.

With views and feelings and designs like these, Helen Howard began her married life; and she conformed to her plan as nearly, perhaps, as one's action ever conforms to one's resolution—one's practice to one's theory. True, she did not find herself always

"Sailing on a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."

Some of her cares were irksome; some of her self-denials not a little painful. She found Mr. Howard exceedingly particular. This, however, did not surprise her; it was what she had anticipated. How could one so perfect in all things—principles, manners, taste—fail of being particular? But then it made it difficult to please him; and oftentimes, she was in doubt whether the thing she decided to do, or the manner of doing it, would be agreeable to him or not. When possible, she always consulted him on points where she supposed he would have any choice, but frequently she was obliged to act, when to consult him was out of the question; and somehow, it seemed to Helen, that almost everything she did according to her own judgment or taste, was directly adverse to his.

She had not lived with her husband many months, before she learned that by a particular closing of his lips, she could tell when he was displeased. For herself, she was a child in feeling, mild in temper, gentle and fascinating in manner; and after she had become acquainted with the peculiarities of Mr. Howard's disposition, she would, in his moments of displeasure, twine her arms around his neck, ask for an explanation, confess her fault, and beg forgiveness. An affectionate kiss from him would dissipate all her uneasiness, and lead to fresh efforts to please.

Mr. Howard did not always wait to have his displeasure or disapprobation detected. As time rolled on, and the bride was lost in the wife, he was not slow, very plainly to tell her when he saw aught amiss; but, the same process of reconciliation followed, and all was well again. Though Mr. Howard could *blame*, he never *praised*. He was of the opinion that praise is always injurious. He was not alone in that belief. Many persons seem to think, that even the most merited commendation must induce vanity and pride. Pity it is that some who have embraced this view, were not equally afraid of continual censure, or even of slander and detraction!

Let no one think, from the preceding picture, that Helen was an unhappy wife. She was far from it. No one could be unhappy who loved and respected a husband as she loved and respected Mr. Howard, and who doubted not that her affection was reciprocated. There were only occasional clouds that crossed the landscape, making the returning sunbeams seem still brighter.

Years as well as months glide away; and when Helen was four-and-twenty, she was the mother of a son, a daughter, and another son. In the meantime, she had suffered a severe affliction. Her mother had been taken away by death; but she lived long enough to have all her fears allayed as to her daughter's domestic felicity. She saw nothing, heard nothing to lead her to doubt that it was as perfect as could be expected in this imperfect world. Indeed, she knew not, that so far as connubial happiness was concerned, a cloud had ever passed over her daughter's path; and it was long ere Helen herself was aware, that the clouds were darker and more frequent,—the sunshine rarer, and of shorter continuance. It was by slow degrees she learned, that she must submit to her husband *in everything*. The spending an evening in a neighbor's house—even the most trifling matters of taste, must be as much subjected to his control, as the most important transactions of life. Helen cheerfully acknowledged her husband's supremacy. Her mother had taught her, and the Bible taught her, that authority belonged to him; that it was her duty, and would be for her happiness, to obey him in all things. Her affectionate heart prompted her to this course; but as she was a human being, she naturally had tastes and inclinations of her own, and these were not always, of course, in exact accordance with those of another. Sometimes, in case of collision, she could not help feeling, that if she yielded on all important points, Mr. Howard might occasionally yield in trifles. "If," she argued with a sigh, "he finds it so hard to conform to the wishes of another *sometimes*, why cannot he realize how difficult it is for me to do it *always*? If the half-formed thought arose in her mind, that her husband was *selfish*, she instantly banished it. "Oh, no," she would say—"he is not selfish! Men are used to authority, and are not aware what it oftentimes costs the subject. I suppose, on this point, they are all much alike." Perfect good nature, and an unwillingness to detract any thing from the perfection with which she had invested Mr. Howard, led to this conclusion. Had Helen's own father entered her mind at that moment, she must have acknowledged, that between some men, there was a striking contrast.

With this, however, Helen could have got along very well. She had as little obstinacy as any of her species; and if, in the moment of trial, her heart would sometimes rebel, the feeling was soon gone, and she yielded with grace and cheerfulness. That which was much harder to bear, was, that as Mr. Howard grew older, it was more difficult to appease his displeasure; and sometimes, Helen would have to ask forgiveness, for some, perhaps very trifling, inadvertency, two or three times, before the kiss of cordial reconciliation would be granted. Besides this, she panted for commendation. From her own heart, it flowed spontaneously; and however strong Mr. Howard's objections might be to bestowing praise on another, he never manifested any repugnance to receiving it himself. Helen loved to praise her husband; she loved to repeat to him the praise bestowed by others; it greatly increased her own happiness. But when her *special*, and sometimes *laborious* efforts to do that which she thought would give Mr. Howard peculiar satisfaction, would fail of calling forth one word of commendation,—one look of grateful satisfaction—fail, even, of attracting observation, her heart would sink with disappointment,—and to be *quite* happy, it was indispensable that she should be *very forgetful*.

But was Mr. Howard the impeccable being his wife was willing to believe him? On the contrary, he was as far from it as other well-principled men. But he never confessed a fault to human auditor; and oftentimes, when he had given Helen just cause of complaint, if she manifested it—not by upbraiding, (of that her nature was incapable)—but as an affectionate wife may, with all propriety, express displeasure toward her husband, he resented it in a high degree; and many times did she, with sighs and tears, sue for forgiveness, when he alone was in fault. She was always prone to believe herself to blame, and peace she must have, on any terms,—or be wretched.

The power of pleasing, or giving satisfaction, seems to be taken from us; just in proportion as we despair of exercising it. Helen was almost hopeless of securing her husband's approbation, and her heart was depressed by discouragement. She remitted none of her efforts to please—it had become a habit of her mind,—but she was scarcely conscious that her endeavors now arose less from the hope of receiving commendation, than from a desire to escape reproof and censure.

For the first three years of Helen's married life, the sunshine had greatly preponderated over the clouds; for the last three, the clouds had gradually been gaining the preponderance over the sunshine; and before another closed, they gathered over her head, to be dispersed again, only when the sun of her life was setting.

In some way, in which no principle of right or wrong was involved, but where the opinion or will of her husband only was concerned, Helen had again transgressed. She saw the cloud on Mr. Howard's brow, marked his firmly compressed lips, and almost instinctly endeavored to remove his displeasure. She twined her arms about his neck, but he unclasped them, and—not roughly, indeed—but firmly put her from him. This she could hardly endure.

"My dear husband," she cried, "do not look so coldly, so sternly on me! Do believe that I never displease you without feeling the deepest regret." Again she strove to encircle his neck with her arms, and lay her cheek on his, but was again repulsed.

"If you had not said as much a thousand times before," remarked Mr. Howard, "I might believe you; but of what use is that regret that produces no amendment!"

Helen burst into an agony of tears, and falling at her husband's feet, clasped his hands in hers.

"*Do* you doubt my sorrow!" she cried, in a voice choked by the violence of her emotion. "Oh, do not thus break my heart! Forget that I have displeased you, now, or ever,—for *wilfully* I would never do so. Oh, say that all is forgiven and forgotten!"

She was looking up into his eyes, but their expression was cold and unfeeling as ever. In truth, he was moved; for he saw the agony of his wife's feelings; but he thought that, perhaps, were he less ready to forgive, he should have less frequent occasions to do so, and he suffered not a feature to relax.

Helen looked steadily at him for a moment,—while her heart was throbbing, and every muscle of her face was working with anguish,—to catch the first indication of forgiveness and reconciliation; but nothing of the kind was visible. A change came over her in a moment. Her muscles ceased to tremble; her heart ceased its tumultuous throbbing; and she calmly arose, and left the room. This was something new; and for an instant Mr. Howard feared he had gone too far; for an instant he was inclined to follow her; but the former thought returned—"I have made peace too readily; more marked displeasure may have a better effect;" and he restrained the impulse. There was a voice within which whispered that he had not done *quite* right; nevertheless, he returned to his engagements, and left Helen to attend to hers.

When Helen left the parlor, she went to her chamber. She felt perfectly calm and indifferent. "For nearly seven years," thought she, "it has been almost my sole duty to please *him*, and what is my reward?" She sat down and mused. Her entire intellectual being seemed resolved into memory, and her whole married life rushed in review before her. She saw her own uniform desire to secure his approbation, and do his pleasure,—and Mr. Howard's exacting, his fault finding, his unforgiving spirit. "It is too true," thought she,—"he is selfish, arbitrary and implacable!" At the close of this train of thought, Helen's own feelings alarmed her. Her heart was too quiet. She longed to have it gush forth, as in times past, in tenderness toward her husband; but it would not. It was rather feeling than thought that led her to repeat—"He is selfish, arbitrary and implacable!" and firmly clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, in deep bitterness of spirit—"I shall never love him more!"

Never before had Mr. Howard been so anxious for the tea hour as on this afternoon: and scarcely in his life had two hours stretched themselves to such an interminable length. He could, with difficulty, fix his mind on its appropriate business. An undefined feeling of self-reproach and apprehension haunted him. "But," thought he, "she will fly to my arms the moment I enter the house, and then I will assure her that all is forgotten."

Long as the time seemed, slowly as it dragged itself along, he would not go to his house until the usual hour; to have done otherwise, would have been too great a sacrifice of his dignity; but when the bell chimed the signal for him to leave his office, with rapid steps he hastened homeward. The tea table was spread when he entered the eating-room, but Helen was not there. Very shortly, however, she appeared, and with only a calm word of courtesy—for Helen had always been courteous, even to her husband—seated herself at the table. Mr. Howard likewise took his seat, but mechanically; for, to partake of the evening meal was a matter that had not entered his mind. His eyes glanced at Helen's face from time to time, to discover, if possible, what this new manner meant. That face he had hitherto been able to read as easily as the printed page; but now, he was completely at fault. Could he have discovered any indications of suppressed feeling,—the slightest quivering of the lip; could he have discovered any mark of anger in any feature, he would have felt relieved;—or could he have perceived any huskiness or tremor in the voice, it would have quieted, in some degree, his feelings; but all these signs of emotion were wanting. She looked, indeed, very serious, but neither displeased nor sorrowful; and her voice, though somewhat lower than usual, was perfectly clear, and mild and distinct, as she performed the usual services of the tea-table, or briefly answered any trifling question he proposed to her. Mr. Howard rather lingered at table, though he knew neither what he ate or drank; but as Helen remained as unaltered as a marble statue, he at length rose abruptly and retired. His feelings were compounded of wonder, anxiety, apprehension,—and of a kind of displeasure, of which it had been difficult to decide whether himself or Helen were the object.

The next day, and the next, and the next were still the same, and Mr. Howard's anxiety began to settle into a feeling of vexation and irritability. "She may remain stubborn as long as she pleases," thought he. "It is not the husband's place to be in subserviency to the wife;—and if she think in this way to soften my feelings, or undermine my authority, she will find her mistake. If she wish the harmony of other days restored, she must yield." For the several preceding days, Mr. Howard's feelings had been so harassed that he thought not of finding fault of anything; but now he was not sorry when an occasion of censure occurred. Perhaps it would effect that which he so ardently desired should be accomplished, without the slightest descent from dignity on his part. In the usual manner he expressed his disapprobation. Helen calmly replied, "she was very sorry, and would be careful that the same error should not be again committed." Mr. Howard was struck by her calm indifference. He would much rather have seen a tempest of feeling, violent in proportion to the unnatural tranquillity that had so long reigned. Dignity and anxiety had a sharp, but momentary conflict; and the latter so far gained the victory as to lead him to say—

"You have not appeared as usual for some days past, Helen—are you unwell?"

"I am perfectly well—thank you," she replied,—with the same unmoved tone and manner as before—and scarcely raising her eyes from the work in which she was engaged.

"At least," proceeded Mr. Howard, with suppressed emotion, "you are not so cheerful as I like to see you."

Helen continued to ply her needle with all diligence, and remained silent.

Mr. Howard watched her for some time with deep solicitude, and then silently left the parlor.

A few more days spent just like the preceding one, led Mr. Howard to resolve on leaving home for a week or two. Hitherto his unavoidable journeys had been seasons of great trial to Helen. As soon as he would be gone, the days and hours were literally counted, until his return might be expected; but now, she heard him propose to leave home for a number of days, with as much tranquillity as if he had only proposed to take an airing. With her usual care and promptitude, she saw that everything was properly prepared for his journey,—but there was no tears—no entreaties that he would use all possible despatch—no parting kiss, which assured him that her whole heart and soul went with him. He departed—and, in four days was at home again. He was on the rack during the whole period of his absence. Indeed, his feelings were such, that when he arrived at his own house, he was really indisposed. Helen met him with all due courtesy; expressed her satisfaction that he had returned without accident; and regretted his impaired health just as she would have done, had it been a common acquaintance under similar circumstances. She neglected no duty, however, but nursed him with untiring assiduity; though with no more tenderness than her benevolence would have led her to manifest to a sick stranger.

"How much longer is this to last, Helen?" said Mr. Howard one day, after she had stood for some time, silently bathing his temples, but carefully averting her eyes from his. He clasped her hand in his as he spoke. Without a word in reply, she disengaged her hand, and calmly walked to a closet to replace a vial, the contents of which she had been using.

Mr. Howard closed his eyes, and leaned his head on the back of his chair, with a suppressed sigh. He neither knew what to do, nor what to think. The person who moved about him, who conversed with him, and attended so carefully to all his wants, seemed entirely another being than his own Helen. Formerly she had been just like an affectionate, confiding, dependant child; every joy and every sorrow was poured into his ear; her whole soul was laid bare before him. At once she had become the dignified, self-possessed woman. She said nothing either of what pleased, or what troubled her. She expressed neither hopes, nor fears, nor wishes. She conversed on any topic he introduced, with freedom, if themselves were out of the question,—but here she remained impenetrably silent. Her *mind* seemed open to his inspection; her *heart* was hermetically sealed. Week followed week, and month lagged after month, without producing any change; but use did not render the new state of things any more tolerable to Mr. Howard. His conscience told him the work was all his own. His happiness was destroyed—for though to the world, his pride of character made him appear much the same as ever, he was in truth wretched. And he thought that Helen must be wretched too; for although she uttered no word of complaint—expressed neither regret nor sorrow, he knew it must have been a stunning blow, which could have produced so perfect a transformation.

But was Helen's happiness destroyed? It were as rational to ask whether the earth would be light and cheerful, if the sun were blotted from the heavens! Love is the sun of the moral universe; it is the sun of every society; and with concentrated beams, it is the sun of domestic life. Without it, all is dark, cold and cheerless. Intellect may flash, and blaze, and dazzle, but if the heart remain unmoved, it is like the Aurora Borealis of the frigid zone, illuminating desolation only. Helen's heart, so far as her husband was concerned, was left blank. Frequently, and with all her power, did she strive to recall her former feelings towards him. She knew it was her *duty* to love him; her conscience condemned her for her apathy; again and again would she enumerate the excellencies of his character, and call back the tenderness of former years,—but her efforts were as useless as if she had striven to soften adamant with tears. The words, "he is selfish, arbitrary, and implacable," seemed stereotyped on her very soul, and were first and last to present themselves, whenever she thought on the subject.

In proportion as Helen's affections ceased to dictate her actions toward Mr. Howard, was her mind active in studying duty. She was too well-principled; had too much self-respect,—and too great a regard to the proprieties of life, to do aught unbecoming her relative position; or to leave undone that which could reasonably be demanded of her. Her husband's welfare and respectability, she endeavored to promote to the utmost of her power; and his *happiness*, so far as it could be done with her present feelings: but this could not be done by expressing tenderness and affection which she did not feel; it was contrary to her very nature.

Helen had no *confidante*. Could she not disclose her heart to him to whom she was bound by the nearest of all ties, she would disclose it to none other. Perhaps, had her mother been living, the maternal bosom might have been the receptacle of her trials; but as death had removed this sympathizing friend, no other should be a substitute. Not even before her two oldest children, did she ever utter a word that would betray her secret uneasiness; but bitter were the complaints that she murmured in the unheeding ear of her youngest boy, as she pressed him to her heart; and scalding the tears she shed upon his head, called forth by her blasted hopes. Except for her children's sake, life had no charms for her. To a *benumbed* heart, what can be either attractive or interesting?—yet Helen dearly loved her children, and on their account, life was valuable. The human heart that has anything to love, and that is loved in return cannot be utterly and remedilessly desolate and wretched.

Had Mr. Howard been what he had now become, one short year before, he had been among the happiest of husbands, and Helen the most beloved of wives. Never, since the first week of their union, had he been so attentive—so studious to please her; and never, at any period, so ingenious in devising means to touch her heart,—not even in the days of his youth. His fault-finding, too, was nearly or quite gone, for when with Helen he was too much engrossed by other cares, to allow of his noticing things of trifling moment. But, alas for himself—alas for her too, the change came too late! it was "like pardon after execution."

Had Helen's deportment been different from what it was, her husband's heart might have been alienated from her. Had she sought pleasure or sympathy abroad; had she been fretful or negligent at home, he would gradually have ceased to respect, and then to love her; but in truth, till now, he had never known of what she was capable. Formerly he had looked upon her as a child that needed a guide—a *master*,—a lovely, endearing child, it is true,—but a child still. He now saw her a high-souled, efficient woman, equal to the discharge of the duties of her station, without the support of any one; and,—that which was far higher proof of elevation and strength of character,—equal to bearing her own sorrows without the aid of sympathy. In truth, the heart of his wife had never appeared to him so great a treasure—a thing of such inestimable value, as now that he had lost it: never before had he been so much in love!

Meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Howard were the envy of the admiration of the little world in which they moved. They were pointed at as the best matched pair that could be found!—every way suited to improve, and make each other happy! Even Mr. Atwood, high as his expectations had been raised, was astonished at the dignity and strength of character, his daughter had acquired under Mr. Howard's influence; and equally so at the softening effect of Helen's influence over him. He often sighed with regret, that his wife could not have lived to see the *happy* couple, that they now were! How delusive are appearances!

It was many months after the wreck of his domestic happiness, that Mr. Howard was nominated for a member of Congress. He asked Helen's opinion on the subject, and it met her warm approbation.

"I believe you to be a patriot, in the best sense of the term," said she,—"and should you be elected, you may do your country much good. I know that you are above being influenced by narrow and selfish party views, and your principles and talents must command respect, and exert a beneficial influence. I hope you will prove the successful candidate."

Flattering as this answer was to Mr. Howard's vanity as a man, it wrung his heart as a husband. Some two or three years before, his name had been mentioned as a candidate for the State Legislature, and it filled Helen with alarm. She entreated him not to engage in public business.

"Only think," said she, as she seated herself on his knee,—"only think how many long weeks you may be from home! How could I live so long without seeing you?—and so many tedious miles between us! Oh, I should pine to a skeleton in your absence!"

Such *had been* her feelings,—but now, though the distance between them must be doubled, and doubled again, should he be called to Washington, and though his absence must be for months instead of weeks, the thought caused not the slightest agitation!—gave rise to not even a sigh!

In a softened voice, Mr. Howard said—"but how, my dear Helen, would you get along during my absence, should I be called away? Your cares must necessarily be greatly multiplied."

"The same good Providence," she replied, "that has hitherto guarded me, will do so, I trust, to the end of my days. I feel no apprehension."

Mr. Howard's disquietude was in exact proportion to Helen's self-possession; but he could not endure to have it discovered—and he arose and left the room. Probably the pride of most men revolts from the expression of deep emotion: particularly when they are conscious that they have been in the wrong, and will not truly and thoroughly humble themselves to make the wrong right. Much as Mr. Howard had done, this was the very thing he had left undone. He could be very kind—very attentive,—but he could not stoop to say—"I have been to blame; pray pardon me."

The election came on, and Mr. Howard was the successful candidate. He could not but be gratified by the honor thus conferred on him; yet the idea of leaving his wife, while her feelings were in their present state, caused him unutterable anxiety. He conjectured, too, that her health was less firm than formerly, though she made no complaint; indeed she would acknowledge no indisposition, even when he solicitously made inquiries on the subject.

Some time intervened between his election, and the period when he was to take his seat in the National Legislature; but it hasted away, and the hour for his departure for Washington, was rapidly approaching. His apprehensions for Helen's health increased, as the time for him to leave her, drew near. He had some cause for alarm. Her two brothers and a sister had fallen victims to consumption at a much earlier age than that at which she had arrived; and her mother had been taken away by the same unrelenting destroyer. Mr. Howard's anxiety became so great, that a week or two before he started on his journey, he requested Dr. Miller, the family physician to call as if by accident, and ascertain, if possible, whether Helen was really diseased,—or whether his fears were only the offspring of a distempered imagination.

The doctor did as he was requested to do. He called on Mrs. Howard, to see, as he said, how she was likely to bear so long a separation. After chatting with her for an hour on the common topics of the day, he made some *leading* remark concerning her health. She confessed, that as the cold weather came on, she felt some diminution of strength, and occasional pains in the chest; "but nothing," she added, "to interfere with my avocations, or to affect my spirits." With the freedom of an old friend, and family practitioner, the doctor took her hand, and found it hot and dry; he felt her pulse, and they were considerably accelerated. He, however, made no comment, and without any apparent uneasiness, remarked—

"Perhaps it is well Mr. Howard goes to Washington this winter. Such a *pattern* wife as you are will of course be very domestic during his absence; and I doubt whether much exposure to our cold northern air would do you any good."

To Mr. Howard the doctor made a report as favorable as his conscience would permit: but he confessed that Helen's symptoms were not just such as he could wish. Mr. Howard's look of deep distress led him to add—"but I hope much from her firmness of mind, and equanimity of spirits. And after all, I should probably think very lightly of her complaints, were not consumption the disease of her family."

The morning of his departure found the feelings of Mr. Howard all in a tumult. Vain had been his endeavors to detect in Helen, the slightest symptom of regret at their separation. She appeared only the noble and patriotic woman, thinking of her country's good; the lofty and independent-minded wife, enjoying her husband's honors, but not leaning on him for support.

At the breakfast table, the feelings of Mr. Howard nearly overpowered him. To eat was impossible, and it was with difficulty he swallowed a cup of coffee.

"I shall write to you very—very often, Helen," said he abruptly. "You will not let all my letters remain unanswered?"

"Certainly not," Helen replied; "I can readily understand how anxious you will feel about the children."

Mr. Howard bit his lip to prevent a different expression of feeling—and after a silence of some length said—

"Will you promise me to take the best possible care of your own health?"

"Surely there is little need of exacting such a promise from a mother," answered Helen. "I feel that my life is of some value to my little ones,—and of course consider it a *duty* to do all I can to preserve it."

By thus referring to the children, both as the exclusive objects of his interest, and her own, Helen completely closed the lips of her husband, when he would have expressed tenderness to herself. Her dignity and reserve seemed to form a kind of magic circle around her, over which he found it impossible to pass. The kindness of her actions, and the unvarying coldness of her manner; her frankness in expressing her opinions, and her concealment of her feelings, kept Mr. Howard in a continual state of wonder and excitement; and gave rise to such conflicting emotions, and such contradictory thoughts, that one could not obtain utterance, ere its opposite had driven away.

"Having the children with you," said Mr. Howard,

News from Congress.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SATURDAY POST.

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☞ R. D. Searles, Esq., is authorised to act as agent for the Saturday Evening Post, Graham's Magazine, and the Lady's World of Fashion, in Ogdensburg, New York, and its vicinity.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The master of a whaleship arrived last week at New Bedford, from St. Helena, has communicated to the editor of the Mercury, printed at that port, some interesting statistics showing the present condition of this barbarous traffic, among which is a list of the slave vessels and number of slaves captured by British vessels of war on the West Coast of Africa, and taken to the island of St. Helena for adjudication, and condemned at that place during the period from July 3, 1840, to May 6, 1842. It cannot but excite surprise and indignation to learn the great extent to which this trade is still carried on. The list before us includes thirty-two vessels, having on board at the time of their capture no less than *five thousand one hundred and thirty-nine slaves*. Of these, 1726 are dead; 1332 have been conveyed to the Cape of Good Hope, 542 to Demarara, 120 to Jamaica, 201 to Trinidad, 196 have been apprenticed at St. Helena, and 1010 remain to be sent, in accordance with their own choice, to the British Colonies. Of the thirty-four slavers, 28 were captured under Portuguese colors, 2 Brazilian, 1 Monte Video, and 3 English. Among the latter, is the brig Cypher, formerly of Salem, Mass. The number of vessels successfully engaged in the traffic in slaves must be, of course, far greater than the number of captures. The Africans who fall into the hands of these barbarians, are found crowded together in a most deplorable condition. Such of them as have the good fortune to be recaptured are landed at St. Helena, where they are placed in suitable depots provided for their reception by the British Government, and humanely provided for; or in case of disease existing among them, those infected are conveyed on board a roomy vessel lying at anchor at the leeward of the principal anchorage, and placed under proper medical treatment. Those who may choose to go to service as laborers on the island, are permitted to do so for a term of from three to seven years, under the approbation of the Collector of the Customs, with all the rights and immunities of British subjects. The Mercury's correspondent says that these captures are made, and the negroes declared free, by virtue of a late order in Council of her Britannic Majesty. But it is questionable whether the present mode of disposing of them is a just one. Would it not be a more consistent plan to restore the negroes to their own homes, to burn the vessels they are found in, and to put on shore in Africa the pirates who enslave them? In this way would the liberated African *in name*, be liberated *in reality*, and a just retribution would fall on the heads of his enemies, who would in turn be in his power, and Great Britain would be saved the enormous expense of maintaining them. At present the captains, officers and crews, are permitted to go at large, and until they can find ships to take them from St. Helena, are allowed by Government 84 cents each per diem. Instead of this, would it not accord more with strict justice to condemn them to imprisonment for half a dozen years, or to hard labor on the Public works? It is said that one of the slaver captains have been taken *three* times on different vessels, and as often liberated by the British officers.

The United States Gazette speaks of the fact as remarkable, that of the thirty-four vessels captured, twenty-eight were under the Portuguese flag, two the Brazilian, and three the *English*. Now, Portugal is almost a colony of Great Britain, and while the latter is making treaties to include the United States, and arguing from the frequency of the use of the American flag in the traffic, we find more than four-sevenths of the captured vessels belonging to the *protegé* of Great Britain. We rejoice that of all thus mentioned, not one disgraced the stars and stripes of our country.

EXTENSIVE FLOOD.

Various parts of the country were last week visited by a destructive rain storm. We learn from the Richmond papers that James River, in Virginia, commenced rising very suddenly on Thursday evening, and continued rising till Saturday, when it was higher than it has been since '36—some say since '14. The suddenness and rapidity of the rise, and the great volume of water, indicated a very great rain above. The navigation is arrested and the mails stopped. Nearly the entire wheat crop on the James River bottoms, from Richmond to Lynchburg, is supposed to be swept off or ruined. We fear a like result on all the tributaries of the James on the south side—and those of Appomatox and Roanoke. The wheat crop is not the only one injured. The growing crops of corn and tobacco are both overflown. It is reported that numerous very bad breaches have been made in the canal above Columbia—in some places the locks as well as the embankment being swept away. If the destruction upon the Roanoke bore any proportion to that upon the James and its southern tributaries, a million of dollars will be a moderate estimate of the loss.

The Petersburg Intelligencer of Saturday, says there was a destructive freshet to the south of that town on Wednesday. The Wilmington and Roanoke, the Raleigh and Gaston, the Portsmouth and Roanoke, and the Petersburg Railroads, were all more or less injured. In the county of Warren, N. C., very great damage was done to the corn, the water in many places on the banks of the Roanoke and other streams covering the fields entirely.

The Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, suddenly rose on Friday 7½ feet. The damage near this city is but trifling compared with what might have been expected from so sudden a rise. The principal freshet was caused by the rush of water from the Skippack and Perkiomen creeks, which rise in and run through a hilly and rolling country, and empty into the Schuylkill above Norristown. A little before midnight the river commenced falling, and at one o'clock on Saturday morning the water was 5 feet 8 inches deep on the dam. At four the depth was 4 feet 10 inches, and at three o'clock, P. M. it had fallen to 3 feet 2 inches. About midnight the freshet from Maiden Creek, and other streams above Reading, and the head waters of the Schuylkill came down, and the water again rose to 4 feet 4 inches on the

RHODE ISLAND.

LOSS OF THE EDNA.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

Houston papers to the 4th of July were received in New Orleans, by the New York steam packet, on the 7th inst. We derive from the New Orleans Courier the following information:—Agreeably to the proclamation of President Houston, Congress has convened at Houston. On the 29th ult., the President delivered his Message to that body. It is a plain document, written with perspicuity, and is principally confined to a statement of the embarrassed state of the national treasury. The President is for disposing of the public lands as the most prompt way of meeting the financial exigency. After briefly reviewing the incursions of the Mexicans and his own course relative to the preparations for an offensive war, he submits the whole matter to the discretion of Congress, recommending especially to their favorable notice the national navy. Nothing of importance had been done by Congress up to the 4th. Several small parties of Indians have recently committed depredations on the northern frontier. In the conflicts that ensued between them and the citizens lives have been lost on both sides. Col Patton was lately murdered near his plantation in the vicinity of Bexar. It is supposed that the murderers were some of the disaffected Mexicans. The Hon. W. H. Landrum, while returning from the race-track about one mile west of San Augustine, was shot by some person concealed in a thicket near the road, and very severely wounded. In several of the eastern counties the drought has been as severe as at the west. In San Augustine county the crops are almost completely destroyed. Castro, the Lipan Chief, and his party have left Houston for the west. The whole tribe of Lipans and the Tonkewas have been ordered to move to the vicinity of Corpus Christi, to accompany the army on its march to the Rio Grande. Five companies of volunteers left Galveston for Corpus Christi on the 23d ult. Trinity church, erected by the Episcopalians of Galveston, was opened for divine service on Sunday, the 26th ultimo, the Rev. Benjamin Eaton administering.

The Courier also contains a rumor received in New Orleans, via Havanna, to the effect that fears were entertained in Mexico that the American Minister would withdraw, in which case President Santa Anna intended to declare war against the United States. The Picayune of the same date adds—"We know nothing of the nature of the instructions sent to General Thompson in relation to the claims of our citizens upon Mexico, nor what has been done as regards some of the Americans among the prisoners taken at Santa Fe, who have claimed the protection of this government; but this much we do know, that there will be little temporizing on the part of Gen. T."

The Boston Transcript says that a letter has been received in that city from the Hon. Waddy Thompson, dated Mexico, June, 6, in which Mr. Thompson writes that he has received assurances of the intention of the Mexican Government soon to release all the Texan prisoners.

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

The west is rich in soil and minerals, but Wisconsin peculiarly so. From a letter in the Inquirer we glean some valuable intelligence respecting this territory. It produces lead in large quantities. No less than twenty million pounds of this metal were shipped from Galena last year, two-thirds of it being the product of Grant and Iowa counties. Galena is on the northern limits of Illinois, and is the great Lead Mart of the United States, the lead from the adjoining region of Wisconsin concentrating upon it, owing to its local convenience. It is ten or twelve miles from the Mississippi, upon a narrow stream called Fever River, a corruption of the French of Feve, a Bean. Lead being at three cents per pound, and the population of Galena being from twelve to fifteen hundred, its prosperity may be judged of by its exporting in a single staple to the value of six hundred thousand dollars. This region may be approached either by the Lakes via Green Bay, or by descending the Ohio and ascending the Mississippi. In midsummer the latter is more difficult, from the low state of water at different points. The soil of Wisconsin is exceedingly fruitful. Forty bushels of corn to the acre are raised with ease, even on land that has been worked for years, and never manured. The farmers usually grow from thirty to forty bushels of winter wheat to the acre, from forty to sixty bushels of oats to the acre, from two to four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, without manuring the ground. The Territory of Wisconsin is free from public debt, and has the New York market for its eastern limits, and that of New Orleans for its western. A line of communication through the Wisconsin river, as reported by the Engineers of Congress, is very practicable, will ultimately connect Green Bay with the Mississippi, so that the people may choose a market. The territory is unsurpassed in beauty, and with its valuable mineral wealth will ultimately become of great consequence. The day is probably not far distant, when its numerous veins of lead will excite a spirit of enterprise equal to that produced by the coal beds of Pennsylvania. Lead being a cash article, and sometimes sent as a remittance, hard money will abound in proportion to the advances in mining.

MITCHELL, THE FORGER.

This notorious offender, having been arrested and conveyed to New York by one of his bailors, was on Friday last sentenced by the Recorder of that city, to imprisonment in the State prison for three years. He was an

THE BOUNDARIES.

FRENCH STEAMSHIPS.

INDELIBLE INK.

RESUMPTION.

THE NEVERSINK HIGHLANDS.

The hills in New Jersey known as the Highlands of Neversink, have recently been settling in an extraordinary manner. About two hundred acres of upland have sunken so that there is a precipice of ten or fifteen feet round the sunken portion. Standing on the firm land, one looks down upon the tops of stunted cedars, that had settled with the earth, while the roots of trees, growing in the *quiet* ground, at the edge of the precipice, are denuded, and stretch out into the air, as if about to form a set of lower branches. A foot path extended from a house in the neighborhood, across the whole upland; but now, following the track to the edge of the break, the observer looks upon the sunken earth, and sees the path far below, continued on, indeed, but not easily reached. It is said that the sand, between the sinking earth and the sea, is rising, so that what is lost in the upland is likely to be gained on shore. But people will not have much confidence in property which is liable to such fluctuations. It is doubtful, indeed, says the United States Gazette, if these sinkings continue, whether the highlands of Neversink will hereafter be considered real estate.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

The penny post system is said to work admirably in England, and a general reduction from the present rates will probably ere long take place in all other countries. In America, notwithstanding all the arguments that have been urged in favor of a reduced mail tariff, we suppose the reform will not be accomplished until the high rates have been everywhere else abandoned. The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in a letter dated June 13, states that the reduction of postage and a uniform system had been urged of late in the French Chambers, but with not much success. The Post Office establishment of France yields annually twenty millions of francs clear to the Treasury. The annual number of dead letters is about seventeen hundred thousand. The same letter states that the Austrian Government has promulgated a uniform postage of five and ten sous for two fixed distances in the whole empire. It calculates on an increase of revenue, and is negociating with foreign powers for the reception of letters in and from foreign countries, postage *not* being first paid.

General News.

☞ A miserable victim of intemperance, named Ezra Meigs, was found drowned at the intersection of Light and Pratt streets, Baltimore, on Saturday. The deceased (says the Balimore Sun) was a man of about 40 years of age, respectably connected, and had been for some time in the United States Army in Florida. Being discharged, he returned thence to Baltimore, and desirous to enlist again, applied at the rendezvous in Light street. His enlistment was opposed, on the ground of his habits of intoxication. His last application, on Thursday afternoon, was rejected, since which time he had not been seen. When last observed, he was clothed in a light summer coat and blue vest, and when found he had on the coat without the vest. This fact, taken in connection with his known appetite for drink, as also with the circumstance that no marks of violence were found upon his person, induced the presumption, in the absence of evidence, that perhaps the vest had purchased the liquor which led to his melancholy death by falling into the basin.

☞ Serious riots have been occurring for some time past among the laborers employed on the public works in Canada. The village of St. Catharines has been kept in a state of the greatest alarm and excitement for the last week, in consequence of the outrageous proceedings of two parties of Irish laborers; the origin of which is stated (in the Montreal Courier of Saturday) to be an

Political Intelligence.

SATURDAY POST.

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PROFESSOR BUSH.

The Rev. George Bush, D. D., of the New York University, author of "The Life of Mohammed," "Notes on Genesis," "The Millenium," etc., and one of the most accomplished scholars of the age, has recently been delivering a series of lectures on the fulfilment of prophecies, the interpretation of scripture, and the present moral condition of mankind, which have attracted much attention, and we understand will soon be published. Dr. Bush supposes the curtain is about to be lifted which will disclose the final act in the great drama of the world. He does not agree with those who believe that the physical destruction of the earth is predicted and close at hand, but supposes we are now on the borders of the most momentuous changes foretold. He thinks those who look for the personal coming of Christ are mistaken—that they have lost the spirit, by cleaving to the letter of the prophecy. Yet he looks for the grandest moral, political and intellectual movements that the world has ever seen; indeed thinks they are now taking place; that the race is swinging loose from its ancient moorings, and is launching upon an unexplored sea, where are no charts for its guidance, where the azimuth must be often plied and the plummet often thrown into the wide ocean, on which floats the vessel freighted with the weal of the world.

The arguments on which Dr. Bush predicates his conclusion we cannot of course present. They have been given by him in twelve or fourteen lectures, and are represented as exceedingly learned and ingenious. He compared the moral character of the age with that of preceding times; spoke of the strong, wide reprehension which assails wrong, and of a voice from the bosom of society which proclaims a deep-seated feeling of right, contending that in our time the good overbalances greatly the bad. It must, he thinks, be a legionary evil which can outweigh the single blessing of the Temperance Reform which emphatically marks the present age, if that can be called a single blessing which brings all others in its train; and he adverted to the blessings of education vouchsafed to the young; to the signal success of the missionary gospel; to the barbarous usages which have given way to law and order; as evidences of improvement and progress.

He pointed to the unsettled and unsettling state of the governments of the Old World, which have been regarded as types of permanence and stability. Heretofore slight changes have been made in their constitutions; but now a thorough, overturning revolution has commenced. The question has become not who shall occupy the thrones, but whether there shall be any throne to occupy. Power is everywhere passing into the hands of the people, and, when once there, it can never be taken away. The experience of liberty creates an appetite for its enjoyment, and it is an appetite which "grows by what it feeds on." This state of things he believes to have been foretold by Scripture in the predicted triumphs of Christianity. To know its effects on society, we should only know what Christianity is. It is instinct with the spirit of freedom, and, rightly understood, is the *magna charta* of the liberties of mankind.

The moral relations of the mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries of the present age, form another feature which he considered. There is something sublime in witnessing the empire of man over the elements, he remarks, but we must not rest in this. We must look upon the facilities for speedy intercommunication which have been established as means for bringing men nearer together—for bringing up a brotherhood of human interests—fast opening the way for the silent and efficient infusion of that leaven which is to pervade the whole human family.

The learned Professor sees likewise a cheering feature of the age in the growing repugnance of civilized nations to war. From the days of the Babel dispersion till now, the separation of nations has kept up a conflict of interests: war has been considered a necessary condition of national existence; but the war spirit has been breathing itself out; all nations now feel that the race has a greater interest in preserving peace than any one nation has in breaking it. And who doubts, he exclaims, that during the last twenty years of peace the race has made more progress in all happiness and prosperity than for centuries of war before? If there be any clear indication in the signs of the times, it is that Heaven itself has proclaimed Peace and Good Will on the Earth.

One of his arguments is based on the fact that the predictions on the Scriptures relate exclusively to the Old World. So far as can be discovered, there is nothing in them that points to our own country. And yet, he asks, who can question that ours is destined to be conspicuous among the greatest nations? Why, then, are we not brought into the line of prophetic succession? Is it not because, in the grand chain of historic prophecy, the nations of the earth are all merged in the New-Jerusalem state? To this point he supposes, we have now approached, and that our history has been *too late* in the world to come into the prophetic oracles.

Whether the conclusions of Dr. Bush are true or false, his recent discourses on these subjects will be found to possess extraordinary interest. The ridiculous absurdities of Miller, Shimeall, and the hundreds of other mountebank theologists who have tried to discuss the same questions, are not to be thought of in connection with the profound reasonings and careful deductions of a philosophic scholar like him: and we shall wait with impatience for the publication of his work, as one in which men of every belief who watch the progress of humanity must feel an interest.

A GHOST STORY.

One of the most plausible ghost stories we remember ever to have read is contained in the New Hampshire Statesman—a gazette equal to any in New England in respectability—of last week. There are in nearly every neighborhood "well authenticated" accounts of apparitions, and every man and women in some counties can tell marvellous histories with the heroes of which they or their friends were familiar. The belief in ghosts is not in the slightest degree confined to the vulgar or illiterate. Johnson, Sheridan, and hundreds of other eminent men, had implicit faith in the idea that to reveal great crimes or to warn the living of approaching dissolution, the dead revisited at times "the glimpses of the moon." Shakspeare speaks of the grave as the "bourne whence no traveller returns," yet in Hamlet, Macbeth, and other tragedies "the unquiet slumberers do walk the earth," and are seen by numerous witnesses.

The statement in the New Hampshire paper is verified by the oaths of two respectable men, taken before a justice of the peace in the town of Grafton. Hazen Whitcher and David M. Norris depose that on the night of the 19th of June, they were watching at the death bed of their neighbor, Samuel Mann, of North Benton, in a small room, the situation of which is thus described: "The bed was on the north side, the fire place on the south side, the door way to the kitchen on the east, and a door leading into a bed room on the west end of the room, and a set of drawers, on the east side of the room near the foot of the bed, and a window by the foot, on the north side. The window was raised from four to six inches. The door into the kitchen was open, and Mr. George W. Mann slept there in the south east corner of it. The door into the bed room was shut, and Mrs. Peter Howe and Mrs. Mann slept there." The person with whom they were watching had been in a dying state for several days, but appeared to have perfect possession of his senses. After the house was still on Sunday night, the deposition goes on to say that Mr. Whitcher was standing by the foot of the bed, close to the window, and Mr. Norris was sitting south of [illegible] four or five paces from the head, on the [illegible] side of the room. The candle was standing on the mantel, over the fireplace, when both distinctly heard a groan. Both were positive it could not come from the sick man, nor the bed whereon he was, nor from another [illegible]. It was a deep lengthened groan, and startled both. Mr. Whitcher stepped to the fireplace to get the light, to see where the noise came from, or what caused it. As he took the light and turned around toward the bed, both saw the room lighted up, all at once, with an unearthly crimson colored light. It almost extinguished the light of the candle, so that it was very feeble, apparently almost out; and immediately both saw a strange looking man standing between them and the bed, looking apparently at Mr. Mann. His dress they cannot describe, his whole face they did not see; his clothes were dark, but they cannot give the fashion or make, nor say whether he had on boots or shoes or hat. Both were transfixed—both stood there side by side [illegible]

that gave any light. As the strange man stood before them, his back toward them, and his face toward Mr. Mann, Mr. Mann appeared much excited and agitated, rolled on the bed, and threw his arms about and opened his eyes wide, appeared frightened, and to gaze upon the apparition, and then tried to cover up his head. The sick man, it is stated, then declared that he had *forty years previously* assisted his employer in murdering a man and making away with his body. He mentioned the name of Edwards, but in what connexion the deponents cannot say. The affidavit then goes on: "He called no other name, and we may be mistaken in this name, but think we are not. He then sunk down, after turning over once or twice, and throwing his arms about, groaned and died. We know we were frightened, and could not speak, or did not, nor did the stranger, and as soon as Mann had finished confessing, and was dying away, he (the stranger) was gone. How he got in or out, we know not; one door was open, but we did not see him come in or go out, nor can we believe that he did."

The editor of the Statesman, in connection with the affidavit, tells the following circumstances: About forty, or forty-five years since, it is affirmed by individuals in the vicinity, that a man by the name of Hodgdon was working in Landaff, N. H., as a joiner. The last season he was there, he finished off a house for Jonathan Noyes, and made his home with Mr. Noyes during the time. He lent Noyes some two or three hundred dollars in money, so that when the house was finished Noyes was indebted to him about four hundred dollars, for labor and money. When Noyes's house was completed, he went to work upon a house for Mr. John Gross, in the vicinity, his clothes and part of his tools still remaining at Noyes's house. He left Gross's house one evening to go up to Noyes's, and was never seen after that night. Some little excitement existed there, the old people say, at the time, respecting his mysterious disappearance, but as he was a stranger, it was said he had absconded; and Noyes soon after pretended to have received a letter from some place in New York, requesting him to sell Hodgdon's tools, and other things, and send the money on to him, which he accordingly did, but whether the proceeds of the sale went to New York or any other place is not known. The excitement soon died away, and nothing more was said or thought about it, until the death-bed confession which we publish, brought the hidden mystery to light. Noyes died a few days before Mann, to whom the ghost is said to have appeared, and on his death bed, intimated that he had something to disclose before he could die in peace; but Mann went a day or two before his death, and spent a long time with him, after which nothing was said about divulging any thing, and he expired apparently in the greatest mental agony and under horrible remorse of conscience, frequently exclaiming "Oh God! forgive me that one sin!" The Edwards to whom it is supposed Mann referred, and who, many now suppose, was accessary to the murder, is still living, and has been partially deranged at times ever since, as well as Mann. We should like to know something more of the character of the persons of whose deposition we have given an abstract above. They, are, however, spoken of as "respectable."

FORGOTTEN ARTS.

The ancients were undoubtedly in possession of many secrets which have perished with them. Cleopatra's celebrated dissolution of the Pearl in vinegar, which she *drank*, is beyond the power of modern chemistry. The reduction of the golden calf, by Moses, into potable powder, was another effort of the wisdom of Egypt, to which we have made but some doubtful approaches. The Tyrian dye, which, according to Pliny, was of the color of our oriental amethyst, has escaped us. The invention of malleable glass, perhaps the most curious and useful legacy to the comforts of posterity, is distinctly stated by Pliny, Petionius, and Dio. In the invention of gunpowder, we have been anticipated by the remote antiquity of the Indians and the Chinese. The actual recipe for its composition, and the manufacture of a rocket, are detailed by Marcus Graecus in the eighth century. The only grand invention to which the modern world can lay claim, is printing, and it is doubtful whether this was not borrowed from the Chinese. In arts of every kind the progress of mankind cannot justify exultation by the moderns.

Notices of New Works.

The Fountain, and other Poems, *by William Cullen Bryant.—New York. Wiley & Putnam.*—We are highly gratified at being able to announce a new volume of poetry by the greatest of the American poets. Latterly a sympathizing spirit—an earnest love of humanity—has pervaded Mr. Bryant's productions. His earlier writings were as truthful and beautiful as the creations of Praxitiles, and well nigh as cold. Many of the gems in this new carcanet are full of pathos. Some of the pieces are spoken of as fragments of an elaborate poem, which we hope ere long to see completed, for, though Bryant has produced many great works, he has given us no poem save the "Ages" of considerable length, and some people, judging poesy as they do building lots, by cubic inches, think, therefore, that he cannot produce a poem of much consequence. We copy the following verses, which we believe will be new to the readers of the *Post*.

LIFE.

Oh Life! I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,
I see thee in these stretching trees,
These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

This stream of odors flowing by
From clover-field and clumps of pine,
This music, thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds, are thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little one,
That leaps and shouts beside me here,
Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like frighted deer.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that wakes
Insect and bird, and flower and tree,
From the low trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from me—

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the ground
These limbs, now strong, shall creep with pain,
And this fair world of sight and sound
Seem fading into night again?

The things, oh, Life! thou quickenest, all
Strive upwards toward the broad bright sky,
Upward and outward, and they fall
Back to Earth's bosom when they die.

All that have borne the touch of death,
All that shall live, lie mingled there,
Beneath that veil of bloom and breath,
That living zone 'twixt Earth and air.

There lies my chamber dark and still,
The atoms trampled by my feet,
There wait, to take the place I fill
In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God;

And knew the light within my breast,
Though wavering oftentimes and dim,
The power, the will, that never rest,
And cannot die, were all from him.

Dear child! I know that thou wilt grieve,
To see me taken from thy love,
Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,
And weep, and scatter flowers above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,
And being shall be bliss, till thou
To younger forms of life must yield,
The place thou fill'st with beauty now.

When we descend to dust again,
Where will the final dwelling be,
Of Thought and all its memories then,
My love for thee, and thine for me?

Mr. Bryant is hereafter to be one of the regular contributors to Graham's Magazine, and probably most of his future compositions will appear in the pages of that popular work.

The United Irishmen, Their Lives and Times. *By R. R. Madden, M. D.* In two volumes, duodecimo. Published by Lea & Blanchard.—Dr. Madden is well known by his "Travels in the East," "Infirmities of Genius," and other works, and as an earnest and intelligent philanthropist. His style is usually distinguished for vigor, but is by no means free from errors. His enthusiasm and tact, however, give a charm to all his writings, and particularly to "The United Irishmen," for the heroes of which all his sympathies are enlisted. It is a graphic and particular narrative of the great Rebellion of 1798, and presents in relief the distinguished characters engaged in that attempt to retrieve the independence of the worst governed country in the world—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Grattan, Emmett, McNeven, Curran, etc.—with numerous personal anecdotes and traits, which give it something of the air of the old chronicles. Undoubtedly the work will be very popular, in this country as well as in Ireland, for here the expatriated patriots of Erin found a refuge, and their children have a home. There is, of course, in [its] pages evidence of the writer's partialities, but it will be its found for that reason no less interesting, and the intelligent reader will be able to guard against the too strong convictions of the sympathising historian.

The Smoker's, Chewer's, and Snuff-Taker's Companion, is the title of a small volume just published by Turner & Fisher, 15 north Sixth street. A book of the kind might have been made entertaining, had the author or compiler had humor or knowledge of the matters he discusses. There are numerous anecdotes of tobacco consumers worth preserving in a book, and Sprague's admirable ode "To a Cigar," "The Pleasures of the Pipe," by Warren, and a dozen or more popular songs in praise of "the weed," deserve a place together. The little book before us has some good points, and unless Colonel Stone publishes his *Anti-Tobacco Blast*, probably we shall have nothing better on the subject.

Little Coin, Much Care, or How Poor People Live, is the title of a new volume of Tales for the people and their children, by Mary Howitt, from the press of D. Appleton & Co. New York, and for sale in this city by H. Hooker, at his new and elegant establishment in Chesnut street, opposite the Masonic Hall. It is hardly necessary to praise any thing from the pen of Mary Howitt. Her stories have the interest of the most ingenious works of Bulwer or James, and they are in all instances written to do good. "Strive and Thrive," "Hope on, Hope Ever!" and "Little Coin Much Care," should have a place in every family book-case.

Manhood: The Causes of its Premature Decline, etc.—*By L. Deslandes, M. D., Boston: Otis Broaders & Co.,—Philadelphia: Colon, 207 Chesnut street.*—This work is not of a character to be extensively noticed, but one which—if in proper hands—may be the means of saving life. It discusses a subject, with which every physician, should be acquainted, and which should be urged upon the attention of their young friends, in cases where it may seem useful, with delicacy, tact and judgment. The work is well worthy of perusal by parents and guardians.

The Adopted Son—By Paul Pindar, Gentleman, is the title of a popular English romance, or legend, just issued. It embraces a complete history of Jack Cade's Rebellion, so graphically pourtrayed in Shakspeare, and so seldom spoken of by English historians, and is said to be a work of extraordinary interest. It is for sale by Mr. Burgess, Ledger Buildings, at twelve and a half cents per copy.

The "Crockett Almanac" and "Comic Almanac" for 1843, just published by Turner & Fisher of this city, seem to be inferior to the amusing little annuaries published under the same title in former years. They have little wit in either letter press or illustrations.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

☞ Mr. Gouge, the well-known writer upon Currency and Banking, has become the editor of the Money Department of the New York New Era, which is now published by Godwin & Co. Mr. G. is an acquisition to any paper, and will furnish the readers of the New Era with as good articles as can be written on his side of the questions which he discusses. The New Era, under its new editor, Parke Godwin, Esq., is one of the cleverest political journals in the United States, and is distinguished in all its departments for elegant taste.

☞ The most profitable books of the next two years will be memoirs of politicians who would like to be Presidents. Half a dozen are announced of Clay; one of Scott is in the press; one of Mr. Calhoun has been prepared by Mr. Pickens; and we suppose Messrs. Buchanan, Johnson, Webster, McLean and Cass will have their biographers. As to Tyler, we can give no guess; the people seem to know all about him well enough now.

☞ Miss Catherine Beecher, (a daughter of Rev. Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati,) has just published a valuable work entitled "Letters to Persons engaged in Domestic Service." There is an innumerous quantity of Advice Books to young ladies, who, generally, are subject to such social checks and conventional discipline, that they hardly need them; but a work of the kind for servants has hitherto been a desideratum.

☞ There is some prospect of the publication of the important work of Mr. De Witt, the former *Charge de Affaires* of the United States to Central America, on the wonderful ruins of that country. If it comes out, some *comparisons* will be instituted that may not be agreeable to more recent book makers. *Nous verons.*

☞ Henry Theodore Tuckerman, Esq., author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle, or Sicily," "The Italian Sketch Book," etc., and one of the most charming writers in this country, is to deliver a Poem before the Societies of Waterville College, in Maine, at the commencement in August.

☞ A friend advises us that "honest John Pierpont"—a *model* at the bar, in the pulpit, in the closet, and in society, is to be the poet of the societies at Brown University, at the ensuing literary anniversaries. We hope he will give them something equal to the "Airs of Palestine."

☞ The Mr. Courtenay who is appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia, is Mr. Edward H. Courtenay, a native of Baltimore, and at present Engineer of the Navy.

☞ The annual commencement of the University of Pennsylvania took place on Friday week last. Twenty-four students received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

☞ Dr. Lardner is announced by the Boston Times as engaged to contribute to that Journal a series of popular articles on Scientific subjects.

☞ Charles Munnegirode, of Germany, has been elected Professor of Ancient Languages in William and Mary College, Virginia.

☞ Mr. David Paul Brown is to deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies of Union College, on the 27th inst.

The Army and Navy.

☞ The objects of the General Naval Court Martial, about to assemble in New York, having been misrepresented in several papers, a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun undertakes to set some of the matters right, as follows:—"The Court was not convened at Lt. Wilkes' request; the department had intended, before Lieut. Wilkes came home, to order this Court for the trial of officers whose cases were lying in the department. There is no such person as Captain Walker, nor is there any one of that name to be tried—neither are there any charges against Lieut. Reynolds."

☞ The sloop of war Ontario, Com. Randolph, sailed from New Orleans on the 4th inst., for Pensacola. At 12 o'clock, on the occasion of her departure, and in honor of the day, a salute was fired by Captain Tracy, of the Washington Battalion, of New Orleans, which was repeated by the Texan ship Austin, Com. Moore, and answered by the Ontario. The yards of the Ontario were manned on the occasion, and the effect was beautiful and electric.

☞ List of officers attached to the United States brig Somers: Alex. Slidell Mackenzie, Commander; Guert Gansevoort, Lieutenant; M. C. Perry, Acting Master; Richard W. Leecock, Passed Assistant Surgeon; H. M. Heischell, Purser; J. M. Wainwright, Charles W. Hays, Midshipmen; Adrian Deslande, Acting Midshipman; N. C. Stoughton, Teacher; Oliver H. Perry, Commander's Clerk; James W. Wales, Purser's Clerk.

☞ The brig Grampus, Commander Van Brunt, was at Matanzas on the 27th ult., to sail next day for the Grand Bahama Banks, and to return to New York, August 1st. A Spanish brig got ashore on the Grand Bahama Banks, on the Gingerbread Ground. The Grampus went to her assistance, got her off, and after repairing the damage she received, accompanied her on her way to Havana as far as Matanzas.

☞ Four companies of the 2d regiment U. S. dragoons, under command of Captain Fulton, arrived at Sparta, Ala., on the 26th ult. from Tallahasse, Florida, and resumed their march on the 28th ult., for Baton Rouge, Louisiana, via. Mount Vernon Arsenal, Alabama. The U. S. steamer Col. Wm. S. Harney, arrived at Pensacola on the 1st inst., with three companies of U. S. troops from Tampa.

☞ The country has heretofore been divided, for military purposes, into two sections, called the Eastern and Western Departments. This distinction is now abolished; and in lieu of it, nine departments have been established. The commanding officer of each is to report directly to the Major General commanding the Army.

☞ We understand that Commodore Barron has been relieved, at his own request, by the Secretary of the Navy, from serving as a member of the Court Martial, ordered to convene at New York on the 25th inst.

☞ There are now lying off the New York Battery, the North Carolina, seventy-four guns, the Warspite, fifty guns, the war steamers Gomez and Mississippi, presenting a very pleasing sight.

☞ A detachment of 225 seamen, under command of Lieutenant McCreany, left Norfolk on the 11th inst., for Boston, in the schooner Virginian.

☞ Commodore E. P. Kennedy has been appointed to the command of the United States vessels afloat in the Norfolk harbor.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ A Camp Meeting of the followers of Miller, the prophet, commenced at East Kingston, N. H., on the 2d of June, and continued from day to day until July 5th. The preachers were twelve or fifteen. Miller was the leading speaker. It was stated at this meeting that the general principles believed by Miller, were rapidly spreading. Not less than six or seven hundred clergymen (?) are believed to be engaged in preaching them. In the Southern and Western part of the United States the doctrines of Miller are extensively embraced and rapidly spreading. The number of persons who coincide in his general principles are estimated by *him* at not less than a million. It is strange that such absurdities as these should have any success in America. We know Miller very well; he is an ignorant, boorish fellow, of little mind and less piety—the last person one might suppose God would select as a prophet. As to the number of *clergymen* engaged in preaching his doctrines (his, we call them, though the whole system is stolen from the work of Elhanan Winchester on the prophecies, and one or two other productions by crack-brained religionists,) we do not believe a word of it. Every *educated* man knows very well that such notions have existed in all decades since the time of Christ, and that if half the milleniums that have been foretold had dawned upon the world, it would have been regenerated at least a hundred times. Probably every abedarian who is silly enough to believe Miller's curdities, sets up on his own hook as a *preacher*, and the clerical array is thus obtained. *Millerism* has been utterly annihilated, so far as anything can be by reason, fifty times, and the only cause why intelligent religious men give so little attention to it is, that it is deemed too low and contemptible a foolery to receive notice from them.

☞ The stupid humbug *Mormonism*, it appears, is to be utterly annihilated by the quarrels of the knaves who have been its leaders. Joseph Smith, the pseudo prophet, according to the Sangamo Illinois Journal, has made a desperate, blackguard, and abusive public attack on "General" Bennett, Mr. Rigdon, and Mr. Robinson; and reports go so far as to say that the life of the former has been threatened, and that orders have been issued to the *Danite* band to murder him in a clandestine manner on the first opportunity. Indeed, the reports go further, and state that two of the *Danites* have been in hot pursuit of Bennett for several days, in order to accomplish the nefarious purpose, and thus prevent a public exposition of the corruptions of the depraved impostor. Bennett has, however, published his confession and exposure, and stripped the flimsy disguise from his late conferes. The whole matter will probably soon sink into oblivion.

☞ The Rev. David Butler, D. D., for many years pastor at St. Paul's Church in Troy, N. Y., died a few days ago at the advanced age of eighty years. This venerable man was taken ill on Sunday, the 3d instant, while at Saratoga, and died in Troy on the following Monday. Dr. Butler came to Troy from Connecticut, his native State, in the year 1803, and from that time until within a few years past, officiated as Pastor of St. Paul's Church. He was one of the oldest, if not the oldest Episcopal clergyman in the State, and will be long and deeply regretted by thousands to whom his many Christian virtues and amiable qualities had justly endeared him.

☞ Bishop Onderdonk, of this diocese, we learn from the Episcopal Recorder, has travelled over 3000 miles the past year; administered confirmation 73 times, confirming 924 persons. He has consecrated four new churches—and laid the corner stone of two others; instituted two Rectors, ordained six Deacons, and four Priests,—accepted letters of dismission from other Dioceses to their own for nine clergymen, and granted letters of dismission to thirteen. There are thirty candidates for holy orders in the Diocese, and one hundred and two clergymen. The communicants added during the year are 1211,—there are now in the Diocese 7442.

☞ St. Mary's College at Baltimore is, we learn, in a very flourishing condition. The calendar for the academical year, 1842-43, exhibits a total of 171 students. The advantages and facilities offered to the student by this institution, are held equal at least to any in the country. It is under the direction of the Roman Catholics.

☞ The number of Episcopal Churches in New Jersey, has been increased to forty-four, and the number of the clergy to forty-five.

☞ The Rev. Willard Child, an eloquent clergyman, of Vermont, has accepted a call to Norwich, Ct.

☞ Mr. Van Buren, during his late western tour, visited the Missouri University. He was addressed by one of the students in English and responded in English. He was then addressed by another student in Latin; by a third, in Greek; and by a fourth in French. What absurdity! The faculty of the University, for permitting such a farce to be enacted, should have a taste of the birch rod and be put to bed. Mr. Van Buren, of course, did not reply to the learned children who doled out to him their mongrel Latin, Greek, and French.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—5's spurious. Vignette Wagon loaded with bales and boxes. On left margin an Indian, and on right a Steamboat. A. Harris, Cash. W. J. Hill Presdt. These persons were never officers of this Bank.

Bank of Troy, Troy, N. Y.—1's miserably done, letter B, pay P. Ford, May 1, 1838. Signatures lithographed. "House" in Banking house, spelt "Hause."—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
53 shares Mechanics Bank.	11
48 do. North American Insurance Co	5¼
42 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co	34
37 do. United States Bank.	3¼
30 do. Man. & Mec. Bank.	33
30 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R	10¼
20 do. Camden & Amboy R. R	60
15 do. Union Insurance Co.	42¼
10 do. Planters Bank, Tenn.	26¼
4 do. North America Bank.	166
$250 Wilmington R. R., 6's, 1844.	70
$200 City 5's, 1864,	9[illegible]
$1000 Chesapeake and Del. Canal Loan.	20
$200 City 5's, 1870,	94¼
$1000 Cincin. Bonds, 6's, 1865,	70¼
$760 County 5's, 1860, (new loan)	75
$1000 Kentucky Bonds, 1871,	42
$500 City 5's, 1870,	94¼
$2000 United States Bank Notes.	48¼
$400 Wilmington & Balt. R. R. Loan, 1844.	70
$2000 Tennessee Bonds, 5's,	60¼

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, July 16.—Beef Cattle—461 head offered for sale this week; sales from 4½ to 5¼; a few extra sold at 6c.; 49 head left over; 210 Cattle were sold at the yards over Schuylkill; 168 went to New York of the above. Cows and Calves—217 at market; sales from $16 to $27; extra $33; Springers $10 to $17. Dry Cows sold at $5 to $9. Calves $1,25a$2, extra large $3, by weight on the Delaware 3a3½, live weight. Hogs, 227 in market, sales 4a4½, all sold. Sheep, 1350 at market, sales at $1,62½, $1,75, and $2.

Baltimore, July 18.—The offerings of Beef Cattle amounted to full 600 head, the largest number in market on any day this season. Sales were made with difficulty, and at prices considerably lower than last week. About 300 head were taken at $3 for inferior to $4 per 100 lbs for prime quality; 160 have been driven North.

New York, July 20.—Beeves—1020 head including 725 from the south and west offered, 900 sold at $5a6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—60 offered, 45 sold at $20a$38 each. Sheep—2500 offered and 2300 sold at $1a2,75 for Lambs, and $1,25a$4 for Sheep.

Richmond, July 14.—For Cattle on the hoof, from $5 to $6, are the general prices. Mutton—There is great variation in the quality; indifferent sheep bring only from $1.25 to $1.50 while the finer qualities bring from that to $3 per head.

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—A small sale of first quality N. 1 Quercitron Bark at $24 per ton, which is an advance.

Coffee—Owing to the change in the tariff, as passed by the House of Representatives, there has been a speculative demand for Coffee, and 2000 bags have changed hands—Rio at 9 to 10¼; Laguayra, 9a9½, and some at 9¼; Maracaibo, (300 bags) on terms not reported.

Flour and Meal.—The Flour market has become quite inactive and the export demand is trifling at last week's prices. We quote fresh ground Flour at $5,62½; old stock Penna. $5,50, and Western, $5,37½ per bbl. Rye Flour—Scarce and in demand at $3,75 per bbl. In Corn no change.

Grain—Some parcels of new Wheat have arrived, some of which are damp and somewhat injured by rust. No stock of old Wheat at market, and it is wanted for grinding at $1,28 to $1,30 per bushel. Rye—No sales. Corn—Dull and prices feebly supported; sales of Southern flat yellow, at 55 cts; White we quote at 51, and round at 57a58 cents. Oats—Sales of Southern at 31 cts.

Provisions—Prices both for Pork and Bacon are firm, and the tendency is upwards. Lard is also firm.

Sugars—The stock is light and holders ask an advance in consequence of the late action in Congress. The sales have been limited this week.—*North American.*

Richmond Market, July 18.

Tobacco—We quote 2½a3 for common Lugs, good refused and common leaf, 3½ to 4; middling leaf 4½ to 5; good 5½ to 6; fine leaf from 6 to 7½; occasionally a fine man. lead sells from $8 to 9.

Flour—$5¼ per bbl.

Corn—Sales of 200 to 300 bbls at 65 cts. 90 days credit; and as high as 70 cts has been offered for immediate delivery. It is scarce and much wanted.

Wheat—Very little as yet has been brought to market. Contracts have been made on the following terms: Deliveries on the 1st Aug. $1,10 per bushel; do on the 15th August, $1,05; do on the 1st Sep. $1.

New York Market, July 20.

Ashes—Sales of 10 bbls pots at $5,12½, and a few barrels pearls at $5,50.

Cotton—The sales yesterday were 550 bales.

Flour—No change. We quote canals at $6.

Alexandria, July 18.

Flour—Next to nothing doing; wagon price $[illegible] [illegible]

A NEW VOLUME.

JULY, 1842.

THE LADY'S

WORLD OF FASHION.

A MAGAZINE

Of Choice American Literature.

A new volume of this Magazine will begin with July, 1842; when a series of important improvements will commence. The work is devoted *especially to the ladies*, and issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It contains articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day, on every variety of subject. Most of the stories are of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties are correctly given;—so as to make the work welcome at every fire-side—in the halls of the fashionable and the gay, in the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, or in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

Plan of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine is to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. *This we are enabled to do several months in advance of any cotemporary.* The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress-maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. We issue every month a number and variety of costume, which puts to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously.

Mezzotint and Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a *perfect parlor companion*, and an *ornament to the centre-table*, as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by choice and entertaining stories of domestic life. To leave nothing undone, at times, will be given, the most popular and elegant Music of the day, Songs, Gallopades, Marches, etc.

Original Contributors.

The series of popular tales which have appeared in this Magazine during the last volume, bears testimony to the talent and number of our contributors, who embrace some of the best male and female writers of the country. Our corps of contributors is monthly being increased, and the new volume will be opened with a great accession of literary strength. All the articles which appear in this work have particular reference to the female sex.

The Typography.

The work is printed on clear and beautiful type, on a page larger than any of the present three dollar Magazines, with fine margin, and strong, white paper, and will contain as much matter as can be compressed into thirty-two large octavo pages.

Time of Delivery.

The Magazine will be issued on or before the 15th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

THE TERMS.

To bring the work within the reach of all, it is issued at TWO DOLLARS per annum for a single copy, in advance, post paid. The cheapness of the work will be at once appreciated, when we state that the London World of Fashion retails in this country at $10 per annum, and the Lady's World of Fashion includes every variety in the same style of excellence.

TO CLUBS.

As friends often wish to club together, we make the following offers, to those who will send us current funds, free of postage.

Three copies for Five dollars.
Six copies for Eight dollars.
Eight copies for Ten dollars.

Editors who may wish an exchange, upon copying this prospectus, will be furnished with the work for one year.

Address C. J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

A NEW VOLUME.

MAY, 1842.

The Saturday Post!

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER OF THE MAMMOTH CLASS.

A new volume of the *popular family newspaper*, the Saturday Evening Post, was commenced on the first of May, 1842, beautifully printed on the finest white linen paper. The Post is the oldest and best established paper in the Union, having already got to the commencement of the

22d VOLUME,

While scores of papers which have been started in the *last twenty-three years*, have passed away for ever, the Post still maintains its proud position in point of circulation and profit, at the head of the family newspapers of the day.

The great size of the paper enables the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary sheets. The paper has been greatly

Enlarged and Improved,

And now appears in handsome new type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union.*" Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing; while in size it surpasses every other weekly newspaper in Philadelphia, and has received from its contemporaries the title of

The Philadelphia Mammoth.

The great size of the paper enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all [illegible]

Gems from the Poets.

PALMYRA.

BY AMBROSE BARBER, ESQ.

O'er the lonely plain where sullen horror broods,
And darkness hovers like Styxian solitude,
When mute's soft steps no lofty footpace leave,
Nor pond'rous gates on hollow hinges grieve,
Like some fresh spirit of departed years,
Lone from the realms of unpeopled spheres,
The sculptured throne relieves on the plain;
The wonder-struck conquer'd view the ruins,
The shadowy ghosts of their long sway.

But where the obscure of night hides the earth,
The glow of action, and the thrill of life!
Where the sound of joy hugs the conquerors' lull,
The passing answer of each distant hill,
The night-bird shrieking from her new call,
And hollow winds the tale of ruin tell.

Thus fleeting Memory Mother's power,
Till the proud towers once vocal with his praise;
But the vault echoes, groaning under oblivion,
And Moslems worship at the pagans shrine.

Let then the gaping Turk, with tooth in paw,
Let the tragic influence o'er his passions bear;
And tell to the unconcern'd the fate of Rome,
The school reminiscence of the Arab song,
Whose mystic numbers the wild untutored child
From the solemn influence of the lonely wild,
Learns to repeat, and with the sacred theme,
The unconcern'd guard heed the sentinel charge;
The tanking maid clasp her hands abroad,
And Tadmor perish'd in the Arab song.
Let's to her feet the tale of ages bring;
The wealth of nations, and the pomp of kings;
And for her warrior queen from Parthia's plain
To the dark Libyan's unfrequented main,
Upon tenor's on she's Zenobia's fated song
Whose mystic numbers the wild untutored child
Learns to repeat, and catch the sweet of fate—
Palmyra's evil genius, and her fall.
A haunting supplant to the minor pod.

But one there still round that desert roaming,
Is not triumphant and in virtue strong,
Around on his brow his fate is written,
Unchanged, fixated at the end, and scorned the uplifted thief.
For Him, Palmyra, shadows succeed in vain
Her haughty returns of that fatal hour;
Nor Zenobia's regal empire I conquer'd,
And Hope, too, withered in Longinus bed.

Lover's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

By Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE 1ST-FUSS.

How I escaped from that room, and by what means I found myself in the street, I know not. My first impulse was to tear off my cravat, that I might breathe freely, still I lacked sufficient resolution, and I fled distracted and stupified.

"Come back, Hinton—come yourself, my boy. You, your coat is drenched with rain," said a friendly voice behind me; but I heard not the words; by the arm, the major led me forward.

"What! Hinton home?" cried I, struggling to get free. "Tell me—oh, tell me, have I done wrong? Have I committed very dreadful folly? Tell me, is nothing past—have—in my forehead, as though—I dare not speak my shame."

"Nothing of the kind, my boy," said Mahon: "you've conducted yourself admirably. Mr. Keane saw it all, and he says he never witnessed any thing finer: and he's no bad judge, let me tell you. There, now, I am satisfied, and take off your wet clothes."

"Mr. Keane!" repeated I, as the name in which he spoke: besides, the major was one of those people who remember or other always contrive to have their own way in the world, so that I yielded at once, feeling, too, that my opposition would only deter my chance of an explanation.

Within a few minutes I found myself in the major's house without, engaged in the preparation of a little supper, mingling an occasional soliloquy with the stimulating of the grilled bone that browned upon the fire. The clink of glasses and plates, and all the activities of housekeeping, breaking every pause in my self-and with reflections on these:—

"A mighty pretty business—nothing for it but meeting him—good but, they'll say we murdered him between us—well, he's far too young for Gidney. But what's to be done? you ready! Now you look remarkably reasonable: and when we've eaten a bit, we'll talk this matter over coolly and sensibly: and to make your mind easy, I may tell you at once, I don't contemplate a meeting for you with that any opposition would only deter my chance of an explanation.

While I was thus occupied in my inner room, I could overhear my friend without, engaged in the preparation of a little supper, mingling an occasional soliloquy with the stimulating of the grilled bone that browned upon the fire. The clink of glasses and plates, and all the activities of housekeeping, breaking every pause in my self-and with reflections on these:—

"A mighty pretty business—nothing for it but meeting him—good but, they'll say we murdered him between us—well, he's far too young for Gidney. But what's to be done? you ready! Now you look remarkably reasonable: and when we've eaten a bit, we'll talk this matter over coolly and sensibly: and to make your mind easy, I may tell you at once, I don't contemplate a meeting for you with that fellow."

"Advice, dearest, cried the priest, at the same moment, as he entered the room: throwing his wet great coat into a corner, and giving himself a shake a Newfoundland dog might well envy. "And what think of work, Bob?" said he, turning to his cousin with a look of indignant reproach: "he is not innocent—he knows it the town, and you've got him into a fight already; and sure it's my own fault, that ever brought you together. *No fortunate me gradation ladies*—no, indeed, you have another luck nor grace. *Mountain hits*, as the French say—already in trouble. Arrah, don't be talking to me at all, at all—watch me over the spirits—extra bitter! I understood to purify the good priest as well as I was able: the major, too, made every explanation: but what between the interference out of bed, his anger at the duel, and his cousin's well-known character for affairs of this nature, it was not before he had exhausted his second number of proofs that he would—listen to reason.

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"Exactly.

"For the matter of that, you might swim in butter: and you'd have nothing to eat—you're as well as badly off after all.'

"Is there whiskey?' cried Eyre.

"Sixty-three gallons, and never paid tith king sixpence.'

"And you don't mean to say that such a house is that locked here?' said Burke, in a rage.

"You're right,' said I, 'and they're both full at this moment, but still there are two wide and open, and the other with Whitehaven cools.'

"Have you got a cook?' said Mahon.

"Oh, yes!' said I, 'there's Jason.'

"And sugar, and tea?'

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"I knew the voice, and what should I see but a parcel of fellows in red coats—they were the bluest. There was Dicky Mahon, Bob Mahon, Barney Ryan, Mc'Mahon, and the rest of them; fourteen souls in all. Some of them had been done a corner of flagging Blake's about two miles from me; but, in the strangest circumstances, they had lost their money—lost their way, and their temper: in truth, in all appearance, they had lost their senses altogether. They were, in a word, dead beat, too, and they looked as miserable a crew as ever I set eyes on.

"Isn't it lucky, Bob, that we found you at home?" said Dicky Mahon.

"They told us you were away, says Burke.

"And that you were gone to spend your money, and never went out except on Sundays,' added old Harry, with a grin.

"Well,' said I, 'as to the luck, I won't say much for it: here's all I can give you for your dinner;' and I pulled out the four bills and shook them in their faces, 'and as to the party, truth, maybe, you'd like to go and look for it yourselves, and see if you can find it.'

"But isn't that Newgate up there?' said Mahon.

"Exactly.

"For the matter of that, you might swim in butter: and you'd have nothing to eat—you're as well as badly off after all.'

"Is there whiskey?' cried Eyre.

"Sixty-three gallons, and never paid tith king sixpence.'

"Yes, yes,' said he, as if replying to my look. "it's all as it ought to be. Even his own Sunday is not sent at his conduct: and indeed I may say it's the first time a stranger has met with such in our country.'

"I can believe it well, major,' said I, 'for, unless from the incidental circumstances, I have met with nothing but kindness and good feeling among you: he indeed would seem an exception to his name-fellows.'

"Therefore the corner you shoot him the better. But I think I could see Father Tom.'

"*Admit, dearest*," cried the priest, at the same moment, as he entered the room: throwing his wet great coat into a corner, and giving himself a shake a Newfoundland dog might well envy. "And what think of work, Bob?" said he, turning to his cousin with a look of indignant reproach: "he is not innocent—he knows it the town, and you've got him into a fight already; and sure it's my own fault, that ever brought you together. *No fortunate me gradation ladies*—no, indeed, you have another luck nor grace. *Mountain hits*, as the French say—already in trouble. Arrah, don't be talking to me at all, at all—watch me over the spirits—extra bitter! I understood to purify the good priest as well as I was able: the major, too, made every explanation: but what between the interference out of bed, his anger at the duel, and his cousin's well-known character for affairs of this nature, it was not before he had exhausted his second number of proofs that he would—listen to reason.

"Well, well, if it is so, God's will be done," said he with a sigh, "it is the usage of dress; so we must be very formerly, in beautiful treatment for bad blood: but people have'nt going light with pistols—sometimes these dreadful things!"

"I begin to suspect," said the major, shyly, "that Father Tom's afraid if you shoot Uick, he'll never get that fifty pounds he won—*have like surgeon*—eh, Tom?"

"Ah, Major, the same old joker—always merry—but I don't see that one of that money already!"

"How so, father?" I inquired, quite in expense my laughter at the expression of his face.

"I was coming down the main street yesterday evening, with Doctor Plunkett, the bishop, beside me, discussing a little theology, and looking as grave and as agreeable as may be, when that villain Burke came running out of a shop, and, pulling out his pocket-book—

"Wait a bit, Father Tom, you know I'm a little in your debt about that race, and as you're a sporting character, it's only fair you get your own.'

"What is this I hear, Father Loftus?' says the bishop.

"Oh, my lord," says I, "*he's a famous poet*—a born hugging his—a-poetry—I mean—and that's the way he is always cutting at jokes upon the poor. But, my lord, he does not owe me ten pounds' and the bishop looked at me with a sigh, "I'm sorry for that, Father Tom."

"But a farthing of it, my lord.

"That's nothing to the purpose," says Burke, putting up his pocket-book; "and, faith, my lord," said he, with a wink, "I wish I had a loan of you for an hour or two every nothing day, for, truth, you're a tramp;' and with that he went off laughing till well he thought as to split his sides—and I am sure I wish he had.'

I don't think Mr. Burke himself could have laughed louder or longer at his scheme, than did we in hearing it. The priest at length joined in the mirth, and I could perceive, as the pranch made more inroads upon him and his evening's rest, that his heart was softening: and that was gradually melting away before the warmth of his Hibernian temperament. Like a wet sponge pressed upon the surface of a dark picture, bringing forth from the gloom many a figure and fantastic outline: before, and dashing my touches of light not hitherto appreciable, or whereby some to exercise over their judgment, or displaying to them in all their details of character, divesting them of the adventitious clothes in which position or profession had invested them, and leaving the man before us in the statement of his nationality, *Hibernian*: and, as the priest and I sat in the most confidential friendship, relievers of his late indignation against his cousin, he raised his head, and, with a look of pleasure, the after story of his own early experiences, some of them not a little amusing.

The major, however, seemed not to relish any of the priest's anecdotal powers, but sipped his punch in grave and monotonous air. "Very true, Tom," said he, at length breaking silence, "you have seen a fair share of these things for a man of your cloth; but where's the use living over the past to me, I say—that bad man's experience, either as principal or second; haven't I had my fair share out in the service?"

"Why, I confess," said I, modestly, "that does seem an extravagant allowance."

"Clear case—downright profusion, the least man else, nothing else," observed Father Tom. Meanwhile the major reddened upon fearfully at me, and fell more in his chair with impatience to be asked for his story, and as I myself had some curiosity on the subject, I did not fail to relate it.

"Tom, here, doesn't like a story at supper," said the major, pompously; for, perceiving our attitude of attention, he resolved on being a little important to his old friend in.

The priest made immediate submission; and, shyly hinting that his repentant only lay upward stories he had been hearing for the last thirty years, and he could listen to the narration with much pleasure.

"You shall have it, then," said the major, as he squared himself in his chair, and thus began:—

"You have never been in Castle Connel, Hinton? Well, there is a wide, bleak line of country there, of stretches away to the westward, with nothing but large, round-backed mountains, heavy and gloomy, under foot and there a miserable mud-hovel, surrounded by, maybe, half an acre of hungers, or bad oats; a few small cottages straggle through this on their way to the Shannon, but they are brown and dirty to the last degree; and the very fish that swim in them are brown and miserly looking.

"In the very heart of this wild country, I took into my head to build a house. A strange notion it was, for there was no neighborhood and no gossiping; but, somehow, I had taken a fancy to ruined castles, and that was the reason I selected this spot. I had served my time in retirement—you that, if the partridges were not in abundance, there was no want of hares and rabbits; and the truth was, I was a much sharper look-out for the latter than I had been for the other.

"Of course, as I was over head and ears in debt, my motive was to build something very much resembling a cottage; and, to be sure, I had a fine position, and a flight of steps before the door, that, if there was no windows in front, and a ground battery at the top; and, faith, taking it all in all, the building was not so ill-fitted for a castle: that, the windows so narrow, and the doors so thick, that my cousin, Dicky Mahon, called it Newgate; and that I myself was pleased with the word myself, and used it, and even now the name clung to the place of Newgate lodge, and Newgate cottage, and Newgate letters, they'd say.—Poor devil! he has enough on his hands: there's not one farthing of money left for him.

"If they don't get tired, there'll not be a man in the county that will not be in jail. There was a row, a fair had, all dogged; and, out of it, you entered what ought to have been the inner courtyard, guarded by seven-and-twenty, but which was called the kitchen. Here dogs of all kinds and colors, and every little breed-cur-ness, met about the size of the terrier. At the back of the kitchen, separated by a pair of folding-doors, there was a grand anti-room of old trash, where the dogs have had up to a certain height of the rooms, but it only contented to one, a little crib I had myself. The remainder of the house was reserved unfurnished, and, indeed, in one of them, that was even the big drawing-room, the joists were sawn out, which was the reason I had to go in at the door, used to keep one leg over my head.

"At the time I mention, the harvest was not brought in, and instead of its being full, as it used to be, it was mighty near empty. The rent was falling due in a short time, and, instead of finding the lay up beside you, it was all I could do to keep my own head above water.

"I can't help boring you with all these details: first, because they are necessary to the story, and, of course, being a young man, and a foreigner to boot, it was but natural I should be interested in matters of my own national customs. Of all the particulars we first, have also little and the latter, I have not yet told you.

"Newgate was a beautiful one; and although the sheep-level in the parlor, and the cows were kept in the drawing-room, I must honestly confess that I myself didn't say—That Mahon must be a sharp fellow—look after his own interests, and no mistake. Little they'd know that it was safer to go up the 'Rocks' than my hall-door, and it was like Tipperary, that I'd get from one room to the other.

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